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LIGHT.*

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

THE mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

Sous ses voiles la nuit a des regards sans
nombre,

Et le jour n'a qu'un œil sur son disque
vermeil ;

Pourtant la terre est froide et sombre
Sans le soleil.

Le cœur n'a qu'un foyer, un seul regard de
flamme,

L'esprit a mille feux éclairant l'infini ;

Mais tout est noir et mort dans l'âme
L'amour fini. Z.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

De mille yeux la nuit scintille,
Et seul le jour n'a qu'un œil ;
Mais quand le soleil ne brille,
Le monde est en deuil.

De mille yeux l'esprit nous arme,
Un seul au cœur appartient ;
Pourtant la vie est sans charme
Quand l'amour s'éteint.

November, 8, 1873. M. K.

REPLY TO MR. BOURDILLON'S POEM.

THE sun hath set, —
Yet o'er the land still blooms that wondrous
glow,
Still shine the topmost peaks, and down below
The vale is full of light,
And gloomy night
Cometh not yet.

And, dear, we part ;
Yet while thine image holds its constant sway,
Kindling my inmost soul, still shines Love's
day ;
Stronger than Death is Love, —
From Heaven above
Heart answers heart.

Spectator.

K. L.

* LIVING AGE, No. 1537.

WATER-LILIES.

THERE are water-lilies lying
Large and lustrous to desire,
With the snow for whiteness vying,
Holding each a heart of fire ;
Lilies with large leaves for shadow,
Where the sunbeams flash and quiver,
Where through many a copse and meadow
Steals along the silent river.

Like a fairest, sweetest maiden
Lies each lily in its brightness,
All her heart with love's fire laden,
All her soul of purest whiteness ;
Furled and folded all her petals
Round she wraps her heart to cover,
Till on her the strong sun settles,
And her whole heart hails her lover.

Spectator.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

MADEIRA.

How strangely on that haunted morn
Was from the West a vision born,
Madeira from the blue !
Sweet heavens ! how fairy-like and fair
Those headlands shaped themselves in air,
That magic mountain grew !

I clomb the hills ; but where was gone
The illusion and the joy thereon,
The glamour and the gleam ?
My nameless need I hardly wist,
And missing knew not what I missed,
Bewildered in a dream.

And then I found her ; ah, and then
On amethystine glade and glen
The soft light shone anew ;
On windless labyrinths of pine,
Seaward, and past the grey sea-line,
To isles beyond the view.

'Twas something pensive, 'twas a sense
Of solitude, of innocence,
Of bliss that once had been ; —
Interpretress of earth and skies,
She looked with visionary eyes
The Spirit of the scene.

Oh not again, oh never more
I must assail the enchanted shore,
Nor these regrets destroy,
Which still my hidden heart possess
With dreams too dear for mournfulness,
Too vanishing for joy.

Macmillan's Magazine.

SIMILES.

ONE taper lights a thousand — yet doth beam
No dimmer, giving all, but losing nought.
By one faint glimmering taper light is
brought
To altar-candles, many-branched, that gleam
Against high-vaulted chancel-roofs, and stream
Through painted panes with vivid splendours
fraught,
And shine on effigies of saints, fair-wrought,
Whose folded hands, forever praying seem.
These two things have I known ; and this
beside —
Fire kindled by a failing flame, which died
That self-same moment. Lord, my flame
burns low —
Great fires are kindled by a feeble spark —
Let my poor taper lighten some, whose glow
Shall bless the world when I am cold and
dark!

Sunday Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.*

THE German Dictionary of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, of which the first volume was issued nineteen years ago, has been carried on by other hands since the last of the two brothers died, and next year may perhaps see completed its first five volumes, about half the entire work. The French Dictionary of Littré was completely published last year. It is high time to ask when and how we are to have an English Dictionary at the level of these admirable compilations. Old and mediæval English Literature, now risen into broad daylight again, must have their treasures inventoried, more fully and strictly than hitherto, for modern readers. New English literature must not merely give account of its vaster possessions, but must register its title-deeds for all that it has inherited; must show its evidence for all that it has newly made at home or imported from abroad. Comparative philology has within the last two generations risen from rude and vague beginnings to the rank of a science, and far deeper linguistic knowledge is now required of the lexicographer than such as sufficed for the literary needs of a century ago. Beside this question of the great standard English Dictionary, there arises another not less important, how far do our smaller educational dictionaries answer to present requirements? The school-room lexicon ought not indeed to be a museum of far-fetched and outlandish words, nor should it confuse the schoolboy's mind with a crowd of speculative etymologies, but it should afford reasonable information as to those words whose derivation is most certain, showing plainly whether they belong to

the original stock of English, or have since been introduced; what they meant at their first appearance in the language, and what they have come to mean since. In discussing these and other kindred questions as to what may be distinguished as the library dictionary and the schoolroom dictionary, we shall examine what such works actually are, with the view of showing what they ought to be. And seeing that dictionaries, of all books, are apt to come into existence by successive development from author to author, and from editor to editor, it will be helpful to glance over the whole history of English lexicography, tracing the series of works from the scanty and now almost forgotten vocabularies of the seventeenth century to the most voluminous and learned dictionaries which the modern bookseller has to offer. The comparison shows indeed great literary progress during the last quarter of our national history, yet we have to admit that this progress falls short of what might have been made, and we trust soon will be. Till late years, our dictionaries stood well in comparison with those of other countries, but at present we have fallen somewhat behind. Our Philological Society is industriously collecting and classifying a huge museum of linguistic specimens, but with no promise of immediate result, while the separate labours of individual philologists are rather directed to special scientific work than to the production of a public book of reference. Critics, in the meantime, ill-satisfied with even the better dictionaries of England and America, must condemn the worse, which only keep a place in the book-market as educational works because the schoolmasters and parents who buy them are too ignorant of the science of language to know good from bad. It is needful to press this really important subject on public attention, for urgent demand will hasten supply. A few years hence, let us hope, we may have a more gratifying report to give. But dictionary making is a long labour, and for the moment we had rather see a limited work fairly up to the modern level, than the prospectus of a mighty lexicon that shall

* 1. *A Dictionary of the English Language*. By Robert Gordon Latham, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. Founded on that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, as edited by the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A. London, 1866-70.

2. *Dr. Webster's Complete Dictionary of the English Language*. Thoroughly revised and improved, by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., LL.D., late Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, &c., in Yale College, and Noah Porter, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. London (cir. 1863).

3. *A Dictionary of the English Language*. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. London (cir. 1860).

throw Grimm and Littré into the shade, and be published A.D. 1900.

Lexicons for the student learning French, Latin, and Greek had been for many years in use before the plain Englishman was provided with a self-explaining vocabulary of his mother-tongue, an English Dictionary in rudimentary form. Few but book-collectors and philologists now ever see the two little volumes of Bullokar and Cockeram:—"An English Expositor, teaching the Interpretation of the Hardest Words used in our Language. By J. B., Doctor of Physicke. London. 1621." And "The English Dictionarie, or, an Interpreter of Hard English Words. By H. C., Gent. London, 1632." These little books have an interest to us, as showing the humble beginnings of our lexicography, and as preserving in the compactest shape some noticeable passages in the history of English. They belong to an age when many a familiar English word kept an early sense which it has now lost, when *animositie* was still to be defined as "courage"; when to *edifie* meant "to build, to frame, sometime to instruct"; when *miscreant* was simply "an Infidell"; and *pragmaticall* "one that understands the Law." After Bullokar and Cockeram came Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, with his "New World of Words," John Kersey, with his "Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum," and various other compilers, who gradually improved upon the labours of their predecessors, until, about a century after the first crude attempts, a work which may be called a tolerable practical dictionary, aiming to register and explain the language at large, was given to the English public.*

Nathan Bailey, a schoolmaster at Stepney, brought out, about 1720, his "Etymological English Dictionary," which not only superseded the earlier vocabularies, but was strong enough to hold a place through the time of Johnson, and even into that of Webster. In one or other of its twenty or thirty editions, it is still a staple of our bookstalls; a worthy old

book which the student seldom opens without learning something, though most likely not the something he is looking for. Bailey, not content with a copious vocabulary of popular English, dived into technical books of law, alchemy, magic, and other such repositories of quaint terms, bringing up scores of out-of-the-way words, which later lexicographers prudently let drop again, but which still have their value, philological and historical. Thus the language of the occult sciences in full vogue three centuries ago, is represented in Bailey by such definitions as the following:—"Cacodæmon" (in Astrology) the Twelfth House of a Figure of the Heavens, so called because of its dreadful signification"; *Mercury* "(among Chymists) Quicksilver; and is taken for one of their active principles commonly called Spirits." Among the dwindling store of Arabic scientific words in English, some which later dictionary-writers discard, *almugia*, *alidada*, and the like, still remain clear and fresh to Bailey's mind. The following is a curious case in point:—"Dulcarnon (Arab.) a certain Proposition found out by Pythagoras, upon the account of which he sacrificed an Ox to the Gods, in Token of Thankfulness, whence Chaucer, &c., uses it to signify any knotty Point or Question. To be at *Dulcarnon*, to be nonplussed, to be at ones Wits end." To clear up the whole history of this word, which has puzzled many a reader of Chaucer, the modern critic has only to add that the proposition in question is that of the squares on the sides of a right-angled triangle, and that its well-known figure probably suggested the Arabic name, which *dulcarnon* is intended to represent, viz., *dhu'l karnain*, "lord of the two horns."* Among old English law terms, again, Bailey includes such as these:—"abigevus, "a thief who hath stolen cattle" (this word is mediæval Latin, from *abigo*); *bairman*, "a poor insolvent Debtor, left bare and naked, who was obliged to swear in Court that he was not worth more than five Shillings and five Pence." Every now and then, as we turn over the leaves,

* An interesting sketch of the history and bibliography of English Dictionaries is prefixed to Worcester's Dictionary.

* Diog. Laert. "Vit. Pythag." xi. See also the "Athenæum," Sept. 23rd, 1871, p. 393.

we come upon strange words which set themselves to us like puzzles, impelling us to search out their origin. Thus *frampole-fence*, "a Privilege belonging to the Inhabitants of the Manor of Writtle in Essex," resolves itself on further enquiry into *franc-pole fence*, a local tenant's right of taking poles free. Again, *checkinguamins*, "an Indian Fruit which resembles a Chesnut," may, after due search, be traced to Captain John Smith's "History of Virginia," where the fruit and its American Indian name are native. It is true that Bailey's alphabetical vocabulary cannot be at all depended on as complete, even as to familiar language; for instance, such words as *cattle* and *puddle* are left out. Still the presence or absence of particular words and meanings, suggests at every turn some interesting point as to the history of English. Thus, in connexion with *antick*, a buffoon or grotesque figure (*antique*), Bailey inserts the phrase "to dance the *anticks*," i.e., "to dance after an odd and ridiculous manner, or in a ridiculous dress, like a Jack-pudding." This phrase seems to show the transition of meaning whereby the word *antick* passed through the description of grotesque performances in *antique* guise, till it lost the sense of antiquity and retained only that of grotesqueness, or buffoonery, with which modern Englishmen speak of *antics*. In modern dictionaries this link in the chain of meaning is dropped, so that the etymology of the word hangs imperfectly together. To take another instance of historical evidence from Bailey's Dictionary, we find *tuna*, the West Indian name of the plant on which the cochineal insect is reared, but neither "prickly pear" nor "cactus" is given, so that it seems that neither had the English popular name of "prickly pear" come into use to denote the plant, nor had botanists revived, as a designation for the whole genus it belongs to, the classical term *κactus*, cactus. So the insertion of *Abigail* as a personal name, but not as a sportive word for a lady's maid, reminds us that though the suggestion of this use is old enough, "let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord," yet

the word had not made its way into English literature in Bailey's time, so as to justify him in inserting an *abigail* as a common noun. Again, modern English cooks know perfectly well, though modern English dictionaries do not give it the name of the *bain Marie*, a hot-water bath in which stewpans are put to keep their contents at an equal heat. Bailey has not exactly the cook's description, but that of the old chemists, who used the apparatus to heat their cucurbites, or, as we should say, retorts, and knew it by the name of *Balneum Marie*. Tradition says it was called after *Mary* the Jewess, an ancient alchemist, though the apparatus she invented was more like what our chemists call a sand-bath.*

Not to pursue these curious details further, we may look at Bailey's Dictionary from another point of view, as an example of a fairly learned eighteenth century Englishman's idea of the constitution of his own language. He has not reached the main principle of modern English philology that there is a staple English, distinguishable through above a thousand years of history, during which it has at once undergone great internal increase and decrease, and been expanded by large absorption from other tongues. To Bailey, "English Saxon" and "Norman French" are alike fundamentals of modern English, which he defines as "now a Mixture of Saxon, Teutonic, Dutch, Danish, Norman, and Modern French, imbellished with the Greek and Latin." In his actual etymologies of words, he is scarcely trustworthy outside the very simplest and most direct. He can tell us more or less properly that to *eat* is from Anglo-Saxon *etan*, *easy* from French *aise*, *Anthropology*, from *ἄνθρωπος* and *λογία*. But accepting the authority of the "great Names, and approved Etymologists" of his time, he was not content to follow writers like Camden or Skinner, who (as times went) kept tolerably within the limits of secure and commonplace derivations. He was led astray by reckless speculators who felt at liberty to imagine derivations where evidence fell

* See G. F. Rodwell in "Nature," Dec, 5th, 1872.

short, and who had thus been led to frame a regular system of laborious puns which they called etymologies. It shows the comparative strictness of etymology in our day, to read Bailey calmly citing Minshew's derivation of *gown* from γῶν, "because it reacheth below the knees," of *sillabub* from *swilling bubbles*, of *herald* from *heirholden*, to put an end to, "because they are sent to bring Wars to an End." The distinction between the old and the new school of etymologists may be expressed in the criticism they might pass on such derivations as these. The old school, satisfied with the abstract possibility of such origins, would ask in their defence, "how do you know that they are not true?" The new schools set little account by abstract possibility, and demand positive evidence "how do we know that they are true?" Yet, with all Bailey's shortcomings, he did a great work for the science of language in England, by bringing out etymology from the special books it had been shut up in, and making it for the first time an element of the popular dictionary. In order at once to give a fair idea of the quality of an old-fashioned English dictionary, and to illustrate its value as a monument in the history of language, we have described this one at some length. But in noticing the well-known works which followed it, and were in fact more or less developed from it, we shall only briefly show their salient points, examining them not minutely and at length for purposes of literary history, but broadly and briefly in order to judge of their practical standing and of the bearing of their principles on future schemes.

It was an important day in the history of English literature when Samuel Johnson had a copy of Bailey's Dictionary interleaved as a repository for new articles, and set himself to the huge task of lexicography, which he had calculated to execute in three years, and with vast industry did actually finish in seven, the first edition in two volumes folio appearing in 1755. His plan, an excellent one, was to read over for materials such standard English books as his own or his friends' libraries could supply, his amanuenses copying out the pencil-scored passages in slips, arranged under their proper headings, for him to provide the definitions and etymologies. There are fewer words in Johnson's Dictionary than in Bailey's, for Johnson's point of view was not that of the word-collector, with a fancy for whatever is archaic and

quaint, but of the practical literary man seeking to settle the use of a standard English, and to enable the public to understand such books as were read and written in his own time. As he says in his Preface, "Obsolete words are admitted when they are found in authors not obsolete, or when they have any force or beauty that may deserve revival." Johnson takes Elizabethan English as his basis; "I have fixed *Sidney's* work for the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions. From the authors which rose in the time of *Elizabeth*, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Shakespeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of *English* words, in which they might be expressed." It need scarcely be said that Johnson here does injustice to his own age, in treating it as one of those torpid periods of thought and style, when language might bear the process of academical adjustment and limitation, so obviously absurd in an age like our own, when the growth of knowledge and the increasing organization of ideas demand an almost daily creation of new words. For the practical purposes of the school dictionary, however, it is necessary to set some limit between old and new English, and no better line can be drawn than Johnson's Elizabethan boundary. The comparative permanency of such English as Johnson, so to speak, authorized, has had the effect of almost stripping his vocabulary of linguistic curiosity. It is as a splendid monument of Johnson's thought and style that the modern student prizes the Great Dictionary. But if his quest is philological, he soon ceases to turn over pages filled with familiar modern words, used in familiar modern senses. Johnson's etymologies, which may be divided into tolerable and intolerable, are on a level with Bailey's. The study of derivation of words had scarcely yet become a serious subject. Instead of criticising Johnson's etymological results, it is enough to quote from Boswell his own account of his means, when Dr. Adams said to him, "This is a great work, Sir; how are you to get all the etymologies?" And Dr. Johnson replies,

"Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh." Every one knows that the main value of Johnson's Dictionary lies in the definitions, whose example has contributed so much to make common that solid precision of language which was Johnson's great gift, and in the quotations, which began the habit among English dictionary-makers of using this method to supplement the inevitable failures and shortcomings of definition.

We must refer to Johnson again on the general questions of definition and quotation in dictionaries, and have only to notice the attempts of editors to shape his dictionary into one sufficient for the use of the present century. A modern writer, who undertakes to continue and supplement Johnson, is hardly a man to be envied. If he is a servile follower, the philological reader blames him for not correcting Johnson. If he is an innovator, the literary reader blames him for mutilating Johnson. Todd, whose edition appeared first in 1818, aimed at supplementing rather than reforming. Opening it at hazard, in order to judge of the additions to a page or two of the original work, we find many more or less necessary completions of groups of words, viz., *broiderer*, *broiler*, *brokenness*, *broken-bellied*, *broken-winded*, *brokerly*, *brookmint*, *brooky*, and also some obsolete or provincial words, as *broogle*, to sniggle for eels, *broid* (old form of *braid*), *brodekin*, a buskin, &c. Though scarcely bettering Johnson's radically defective mode of treatment, for temporary practical use Todd's edition was an improvement, and was popular accordingly. But now-a-days it is neither satisfactory as Johnson nor as Dictionary, and for library purposes we confess to a preference for the original folio Johnson, even though the dealers value it at less than it cost to bind. Dr. Latham's recently published English Dictionary is a vigorous attempt, by a modern scholar, to make Todd's Johnson serve as the basis for a dictionary at the level of our time. Much of the rubbish of the older work is here removed; *babble* is no longer connected with *babel*, nor *choke* referred to a Hebrew root, nor *baggage*, a worthless woman, explained as so called because such follow camps. New terms, and such as have become prominent of late years, have attention paid to them, such as *cab*,

folklore, *melodrama*. The numerous new quotations are not selected with equal judgment; thus an inapposite passage about the surveyor of the *meltings* is superfluous, but the extract from Macaulay concerning *newsletter* and *newspaper* is instructive, and readers of Tennyson will note with interest the early form, since altered, of a well known line, cited by Dr. Latham to contrast the use of the words *folk* and *people* in the plural:—

Let the *peoples* spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

On the whole, our experience in consulting Latham's Dictionary is, that it is a valuable library book, generally instructive, though seldom perfect. Its fundamental error lies in the very scheme of modernizing Johnson.

Seventy years elapsed before Johnson was followed by Webster, an American writer, who had indeed little of his genius, but who faced the task of the English Dictionary with a full appreciation of its acquirements, leading to better practical result. An interesting sketch of Noah Webster's life will be found in the new edition of his dictionary (Goodrich and Porter's). About the time of the American War his father, a respectable farmer, started him in life with a Yale College degree and an eight-dollar bill. He maintained himself as a teacher while he studied law, and afterwards compiled for school use a Spelling-book, Grammar, and Reading-book, the first published in the United States. As to the Spelling-book, the astonishing statement is made that twenty-four millions of it were sold up to 1847, the consequence of this comparative monopoly of orthography and orthoepy being the present almost mechanical uniformity of American spelling and pronunciation. The practice of the law, and political writing which he carried on with considerable influence, occupied much of Webster's time for some years, till in 1807 he brought out his "Philosophical Grammar of the English Language." This led on to the American Dictionary, on which he spent, not counting previous dictionary work, twenty years of his diligent life, during which he and his family lived on the income brought in by the Spelling-book, at a premium of something less than a cent a copy. It inspires no slight feeling of respect for Webster's literary conscience, to find, that when, after years of labour, the fact dawned on him which had never dawned

on Johnson, that his own ignorance of the derivation of words prevented him from successfully evolving their meanings, and when, furthermore, it became clear to his judgment that Bailey and Johnson the lexicographers, and Junius and Skinner the professed etymologists, were not the men to stand him in stead, he simply laid his dictionary-work aside for years, to explore according to such lights as he could see by, the origin and history of English and its relation to other languages. The new roads of Indo-European philology were but then just opening, and it is evident from his etymologies that he scarcely entered the lately discovered region. Yet his laborious comparison of twenty languages, though never published, bore fruit in his own mind, and his training placed him both in knowledge and judgment far in advance of Johnson as a philologist. Webster's "American Dictionary of the English Language" was published in 1828, and of course appeared at once in England, where successive re-editing has as yet kept it the highest place as a practical dictionary. Webster's original plan raises several points, on some of which he or his successors had to change their minds, but which are none the less interesting for this. His modest plea for his own position in his Preface is that the American people need an American dictionary, and this because, in countries so remote as England and America, identity of ideas cannot be preserved, and therefore not identity of language. Thus, with a touch characteristic of the newly emancipated republican casting off the slough of Old World institutions, he argues that, inasmuch as hawking and hunting, heraldry and the feudal system, originated terms which formed or form a necessary part of the language of England, these terms are no part of the language of the United States, and can only be known there as obsolete or foreign. Experience, however, has shown the real bearings of the case to be other than Webster supposed. Fortunately for both countries, social and literary influences have combined to prevent such severance of speech, and even to cause English archaisms to retain their place in American scholarship, and American neologisms to be recognized in English literature. The acceptance of an American dictionary in England has itself had immense effect in keeping up the community of speech, to break which would be a grievous harm, not to the English-

speaking nations alone, but to mankind. The result of this has been that the common dictionary must suit both sides of the Atlantic, and it is no fault of Webster and his editors, if any New Englander fails to know the meaning of *bend dexter*, *socage*, *tally-ho*, *jess*, words which receive equal measure of justice with *prairie*, and *canyon*, *por-wow* and *mocassin*, *caucus* and *wire-puller*. Every dictionary-compiler, by the mere fact of his selection and treatment of words, is able to exalt some and degrade others, thus gaining a practical influence over the language he deals with. Fully conscious of this influence, Webster used it with intent in his dictionary. Thus it was his decision as a zealous purist that brought in the revived older spelling *traveler*, *worshipped*, &c., and substituted the Latin *favor*, *honor*, for the English *favour*, *honour*, &c., while, for the sake of uniformity, the old but unusual forms *center*, *niter*, are given precedence over *centre*, *nitre*, &c. These peculiarities, accepted by the American public, often enable the reader to distinguish at a glance an American from an English book. A bolder attempt of Webster's was to restore such archaic types as *bridegroom* for *bridegroom*, *feather* for *feather*, &c., but American English refused to go backward in history so far as this, and the reformer, though praised by German critics, had to appear in his later editions in the character of a relapser.

The good average business-like character of Webster's Dictionary, both in style and matter, made it as distinctly suited as Johnson's was distinctly unsuited to be expanded and re-edited by other hands. Professor Goodrich's edition of 1847 is not much more than enlarged and amended, but other revisions since have so much novelty of plan as to be described as distinct works, and, as they are at present for sale, we take leave to point out their respective merits and defects. The "Imperial Dictionary," published in Scotland in 1850 and 1854, with a Supplement in 1855, is based on Goodrich's Webster, and introduced the plan, since so much followed, of illustrating a few words—one or two on a page perhaps—with woodcuts. Some words are omitted, and a number introduced, which, so far as a slight comparison serves us to judge, might as well have been left out, *dodrans*, *dog-legged stairs*, *glechoma*, *typhlops*, *Xangti* (this last a misunderstood reading of *Shang-ti*, the Chinese name of the Supreme Deity), &c. It is in the

philological part that the editor, Dr. Ogilvie, has made the largest additions, which, unfortunately, at once add to the bulk of the work, and subtract from its value. A quasi-theological speculation on the origin of language, in which an "original Chaldee" is set up as a primitive tongue whence both "Shemitic" and "Japhetic" languages are derived, serves to open an elaborate introduction of the crudest absurdity on the relations of language, and to display the state of knowledge which induced its author to tag on to the slight, but generally sober and reasonable etymologies of shrewd old Webster, a collection of fancies below the level of a 17th century etymologist. We quote, we have scarce patience to criticise, a few examples of the rubbish which defaces these two pretentious volumes. The Biblical *corban* connected with Latin *corbis*, French *corbeille*; *crony* with Arabic *karana*, to join or associate; to *pare* (really Latin *parare*) with Hebrew *bara*, to cut off. Even when the actual derivation stares this editor in the face, he can often escape it by a bold spring aside. Though knowing that a *lance* is Latin *lancea*, he calmly refers the verb to *lance* to Syriac *lanċza* to shoot, vomit; though knowing that *jolly* is French *joli*, and that it signifies *joyal*, he flies off to suggest an origin not in the familiar astrological term, but (of all things imaginable) in the feast of *yule*. Inasmuch as *doff* is not explained as simple *do-off* (as of course it ought to be), but set down to Dutch *doffen*, to push or thrust, one is surprised to find no such outlandish derivation introduced into the other members of the group, to *don* and to *dub* ("donn'd his clothes, and dupp'd the chamber door"). When we actually find the *jack* in *jackass* referred to Armoric *ozach*, a husband, it is quite disappointing to meet with no similar reconдите origin for *tom-cat*. A concise so-called "Student's Dictionary," by the editor of this "Imperial Dictionary," bears date as late as 1865. We warn the public in plain terms against these books, desiring to do all in our power to cause their prompt suppression.

The American revised Webster's Dictionary of 1864, published in America and England, is of an altogether higher order than these last. It bears on its title-page the names of Drs. Goodrich and Porter, but inasmuch as its especial improvement is in the etymological department, the care of which was committed to Dr. Mahn of Berlin, we prefer

to describe it in short as the Webster-Mahn dictionary. Many other literary men, among them Professors Whitney and Dana, aided in the task of compilation and revision. On consideration it seems that the editors and contributors have gone far toward improving Webster to the utmost that he will bear improvement. The vocabulary has become almost complete as regards usual words, while the definitions keep throughout to Webster's simple careful style, and the derivations are assigned with the aid of good modern authorities. The philological editor, far from showing any tendency to refer English words to a primitive Chaldee, or otherwise to discover linguistic mare's-nests, has an even too strictly limited idea of his proper range. Not only does he judiciously avoid the attempt to trace remote connection between Semitic and Aryan languages, but he scarcely even introduces a Sanskrit root. His plan is to give English words their place in the Teutonic family if they are originally English, and to indicate their proximate source if borrowed, Greek, Latin, French, Welsh, Hindustani, Persian, Chinese or what not, with such further etymology as may bring into view the original idea. Having stated the merits of the work, we may briefly point out its defects. The quotations, if quotations are to be admitted at all, are too few. As to the derivations of the words, in discussing presently the principles of dictionary-etymology, we shall have to show that the Webster-Mahn shares with others of less merit a radical failure in scientific arrangement. Glancing here and there over the etymological details, not curiously hunting through the volume for blunders, we come upon various slips and statements open to mending. Thus *battledore* is set down as a corruption of Spanish *batallador*, "a great combatant, he who has fought a great many battles;" but a reference to the "Promptorium Parvulorum" (circa 1440)* would have shown the word to have no such far-fetched origin, for it there denotes the similar instrument called a *beetle*, *batler*, *batstaff*, &c., and used by washerwomen for beating clothes, "*batyloure*, or wasshyng

* This important vocabulary of fifteenth-century English has been reprinted by the Camden Society (London, 1865), edited with excellent notes by Mr. Albert Way. We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of returning our best thanks to Mr. Albert Way for this valuable contribution to English Philology, and only regret that we have been unable to give it a separate notice.

betulle." Again, it is not to be doubted that the name of the fish *dorce* or *dory* is French *dorée*, gilt, from its yellow colour; but when the derivation of *John Dory* from *jaune dorée*, golden yellow, is repeated in this careful dictionary, we must ask where is the proof of the fish ever having gone by the name of *jaune dorée* at all. The word is one which has been mystified by several of those ingenious guesses which are the pest of historical etymology. Latham does not indeed settle the matter, but at least he knows that John Dory was a hero of popular literature before the fish *dory* was identified with him:—

As it fell upon a holiday,
And upon a holy tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.

Again the Webster-Mahn dictionary derives *pyramid* from Greek *πυραμῖς*, Egyptian *piromi*; but scholars would receive with no small interest any proof that such an Egyptian word with such a meaning ever existed. The etymologies of words taken from the languages of native American races, are sometimes ill considered in this American dictionary. Thus the term to *jerk* meat *i.e.*, to cut it into thin slices or strips and dry it in the sun, is referred to the English verb, whereas it is more probably adapted from the Peruvian word *charqui*, denoting meat so prepared in native fashion. The ingenuity which derives *barbecue* from *barbe-à-queue* (quasi "snout-to-tail") is quite superfluous, for the word is native West Indian, represented in Spanish *barbacoa*. Lastly, while *canoe* is properly referred to West-Indian *canoa*, it is a mistake to connect it with French *canot*, "a little boat," diminutive of *cane*, "a boat;" the resemblance, curious as it is, may be shown by the evidence of dates to be accidental. On the whole, the Webster-Mahn dictionary as it stands, is most respectable, and certainly the best practical English dictionary extant, but to construct a much superior lexicon it will, we think, be necessary to set aside Webster's now somewhat antiquated framework, and begin to build on a new basis.

For some years before the publication of the last-named work, the title of best practical English dictionary might plausibly have been claimed for another American lexicon, that of Dr. J. E. Worcester. Its author, from a boyhood passed in farm labour, struggled upwards to a college education and a literary life. His

first publications in dictionary-work were abridgments of Johnson and Webster, and he afterwards brought out dictionaries in his own name, from that of 1830 to his completest work, which appeared in 1860. He considered these later works as entirely independent of Webster's, yet on internal evidence of similarity of method, and frequent close correspondence of the definitions and authorities chosen, it seems to us that he underrated his debt to his predecessor, guide, and model. A critic happening to open the volume without knowing anything of its authorship, would be apt to suppose that he had before him one of the series of revised and enlarged Webster's dictionaries. Worcester's "Dictionary of the English Language" has also an English as well as an American publisher, and deserves the good reputation which it has in England. Looking at it from a practical point of view, it may be sufficient to define it as a vast, industrious, and careful work, superior to the "Imperial Dictionary," but inferior in most points to the Webster-Mahn.

Another English dictionary is to be mentioned, which has the peculiarity of lying almost off the line of literary succession so well marked hitherto. To understand how Richardson's Dictionary came into being, we must look not so much to Bailey and Johnson as to Horne Tooke. "When I first embarked in this undertaking (Richardson says in his Preface) I was firmly persuaded that the undoubted chief of philosophical grammarians had not spoken either idly or untruly, when he asserted that a new dictionary ought to be written, and of a very different kind indeed from 'anything yet attempted anywhere.' . . . I further felt that the volumes of Horne Tooke had developed a new theory of language . . . and that upon those principles I must compose my work." Richardson laboured a great part of his life at his task, and at last was able to dismiss from his mind the oft-felt fear lest like Vossius, Junius, and Lye, he should die and leave his work for a successor to publish. With the inscription of "Thalatta, Thalatta," to this announcement, he sent his two great volumes in 1837 into the world, which still prizes them, though not exactly at his valuation. Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," which in great part is an essay of an etymological English dictionary, may be considered as Richardson's type, and the thorough-going use of English to explain English

caused the best as it did the worst qualities of both. To start with the etymology of each word as the main clue to its development into successive meanings is the fundamental principle of Richardson's Dictionary, and goes far to account for its unlikeliness to others based on definition of practical meaning. Richardson does not define elaborately, but rather leaves the significations of each word to be settled between the etymology and the quotations. The method is well adapted to serve the progress of philology by incessantly exciting the student's interest in tracing the growth of this or that family of words. It is in his plan of compiling under word after word their admirable ladders of quotations, "arranged chronologically from the earliest period to the beginning of the present century," that Richardson's great merit lies. By thus arranging English along a definite historical line he did valuable and permanent work. Take for example his treatment of the word *sad*: it is indeed an open question how far he is right in connecting it with the verb to *set*; but its early sense of set, firm, is shown by the passage from Wiclif's Luke vi., "and it myghte not move it, for it was founded on a *sad* stoon;" and again the transference from its material meaning to the metaphorical sense of grave, serious, is shown in the passage from Berners' "Froissart," "whiche treaty was wysely handled by *sadde* and discreet counsayle of bothe parties;" and so on into the other senses of the word. Even in the multitude of cases where Richardson goes astray in his etymology, his quotations may often point out to the careful reader the surer track which the writer missed. Take his treatment of *primrose*, which he crudely interprets as the *prime rose*, first rose or flower of spring. Yet at the same time he cites the older form *primerole* as used by Chaucer:—

Her shoon were laced on her legges hie,
She was a *primerole*, a piggesnie.

This is a broad enough hint of the real derivation of the word, French *primevrole*, *primerole*, Mediæval Latin *primula veris*, words indicating what is still expressed in the Italian name, *for di primavera*, spring-flower. Dr. Prior, in his "Popular Names of British Plants," cites the name as given in the "Grete Herball," *pryme rolles*, showing a step by which popular language corrupted the outlandish unintelligible *primerole* into *primrose*, which had to an English ear a

sort of nonsensical sense; the same authority states that the original claimant of the name primrose, as shown by old botanical books, is the daisy. For once Johnson is right, and Webster-Mahn wrong, as to this word. Another case of Richardson's quotations, which may serve to correct his etymology, may be instanced from the word *clock*, which he fancies is "so called because it *clicketh*." Remembering how late was the invention of the escapement-clock which clicks, the dictionary-maker ought to have seen the mistake of his derivation, when he cited Stow's account of Pope Savianus (A.D. 606), who "commanded *clockes* and dyals to be set up in churches, to distinguish the hours of the day," and also when he showed the use of the word *clock* in a fifteenth-century document, Chaucer's delightful description of the old wife's cock Chaunteclere, who crew so accurately "whan degrees fyftene were ascendid":—

Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge,
Than is a *clock*, or any abbey orloge.

The English word *clock*, French *cloque*, *cloche*, denoted the bell on which the hours were first struck by hand (as the watchman to this day strikes at stated times the great bell in the campanile of St. Mark's at Venice), and in later ages by the machine which we now call the clock. These instances show at once the vast superiority of Richardson's evidence to his inferences, the entire unsuitableness of his volumes for a household authority, and their unsurpassed value to the educated student as a treasury of apt quotations illustrating the history of English.

It is clear, from this account of existing English dictionaries, that the Philological Society had good cause to set about constructing a new one. At the outset, however, their scheme was not devised to remedy the special defaults which we have as yet dwelt on. Their first intention, as their published papers record, was to complete the dictionary rather than to reform it. In 1857, they determined to form a collection of words hitherto unregistered in the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson, with a view of publishing a supplementary volume which might be used with these. The idea was taken up energetically, and a committee was formed to carry it out, till the suggestion arose that the scheme should be extended to the compilation of a new complete dictionary, more scien-

tific than any existing. Accordingly the Philological Society, at its meeting on January 7th, 1858, resolved that instead of a supplement to the standard English dictionaries, a New Dictionary of the English Language should be prepared under the authority of the Society. Two committees were appointed: one literary and historical, consisting of the then Dean of Westminster (Dr. Trench), Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and Mr. Herbert Coleridge; the other etymological, consisting of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood and Professor Malden. Arrangements were made for the publication of the work in parts, but fifteen years have since passed, and though a really vast work has been done in collecting and editing materials, no part has reached the final stage of completeness. What the future of the undertaking may be, not even those most devoted to it can predict with much certainty, but meanwhile we have in print the Prospectus and Rules, with some subsidiary vocabularies, &c., and by the aid of these a brief account may be given of the scheme, and its merits judged of. The dictionary is to consist of three parts, viz., (i.) a "Main Dictionary"; (ii.) a vocabulary of technical and scientific terms and proper names of persons and places; (iii.) and an etymological appendix. The "Main Dictionary," and the Supplement succeeding it, are to find room for all English words. "According to our view (say the framers of the proposal) the first requirement of every lexicon is that it should contain every word occurring in the literature of the language it professes to illustrate." It is not merely what may be called ordinary English that comes within the range of the programme. From the rules, it appears that the Main Dictionary is to admit obsolete, provincial, local, and slang words, where vouched for by some creditable authority. The treatment of these words, ordinary and extraordinary, is to be as thorough as the range is wide. The etymology is not only to give the proximate origin of each word, but also to exhibit several of its affinities in the related languages, always including that language (such as Sanskrit, &c.), which seems to present the radical element in its oldest form. The etymological appendix is to contain general philological information as to roots, affixes, &c., necessary to complete the special items of the vocabularies. The task of tracing the development of successive senses of words is fully faced by the com-

mittee, who lay it down thus: "In the treatment of individual words the historical principal will be fully adopted; that is to say, we shall endeavour to show more clearly and fully than has hitherto been done, or even attempted, the development of the sense, or various senses, of each word from its etymology and from each other, so as to bring into clear light the common thread which unites all together." Moreover, they design to produce evidence of this linguistic growth, change, and decay, by a system of appropriate quotations, showing the epoch of the appearance of each word in the language, and the limits of its various phases of meaning.

To carry out this immense scheme, an elaborate co-operative system has been arranged. English is, for convenience, divided into three periods:—the first from Henry's III.'s time (1250) to the printing of an English New Testament (1526); the second extending to Milton's death, 1674; the third, thence to our own time. All English words are to be classed in the periods they belong to; and, as aids in fixing their appearance and duration, standard lists are adopted or drawn up for the guidance of a volunteer army of readers, who undertake to overrun the field of English literature, amassing the linguistic material out of which a number of sub-editors have to select the items fit for actual use, upon which, by the laborious and critical processes of arrangement, definition, and derivation, the editing of the dictionary at large is to be at last accomplished. Directions for the use of readers willing to contribute materials may be had from the Society; and it is unnecessary to enter further into these details here. To judge from Mr. Furnivall's last reports of the position of the undertaking, which give the state of the sub-editing, letter by letter, it appears that this work, preparatory to the actual elaboration of the dictionary, may be now half or three-quarters done, but is almost at a stand. The question which arises is not so much *When* will the great work be done? as *Will* it ever be done? in our time at least. An effort as great, or greater than that which started the New English Dictionary fourteen years ago, will be needed to complete it fourteen years hence. Let us hope that, whether under the present or some new plan, English energy and skill will carry the undertaking through. As matters stand, a critical survey of the general principles

of dictionary-compiling with special reference to the Philological Society's scheme, seems suitably timed.

The foregoing brief examination of English lexicography, past, present, and prospective, might have been extended indefinitely without altering its bearing on the practical problem. In the first place, it seems clear that no dictionary in existence can be converted, by mere revision and expansion, into a work satisfying the wants and expressing the knowledge of our time. New editions of dictionaries arrange their improved details on the old framework; and neither Bailey, Johnson, Webster, nor Richardson was competent to lay down the lines of a structure fit to support the results of modern philology. There is nothing for it but to measure out the ground, lay the foundation, and raise the building afresh. Yet the old materials may be largely used, and, indeed, the earlier dictionaries supply by tens of thousands such definitions, citations, and etymologies, as are perfect so far as they go, and will keep their place to all time beside the new materials which new research brings in, and new knowledge shapes. Even as to its details, the plan of the English dictionary of the future may be, in great measure, discussed by way of criticism on older works; for the able men who have so long toiled at the task have brought into prominence most principles of its execution, which now need only further development and organization.

The foremost question which has to be settled, is what words to include in the dictionary. The Philological Society hold it their duty to put on record every word occurring in English literature, even though the maker of the word be its only user. They argue that, as the Greek lexicon includes the ἀπὸ λέγουσα of Lycophron, and the experimental coinages of Aristophanes and other comedians, the English lexicon must do the same. As to this point, the Archbishop of Dublin's paper "On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries" seems to be the accepted manifesto of the society. This is a delightful essay, which every student of English should read for its delicate appreciation of language and the quaint quotations which illustrate it. Up to a certain point, it must be accepted as pointing out real deficiencies in the older dictionaries. The author claims that his English dictionary shall stand him in stead when he comes upon to *brangle* (i.e. to wrangle, &c.), in Swift; or *dortier*

(dormitory) in Jeremy Taylor; or *um-stroke* (outer line or limit, a word curious from its prefix) in Fuller; or *jackstraw* (a low fellow), in the passage where Milton (the Archbishop should rather have said the translators of Milton's Latin) calls Salmasius "an inconsiderable fellow and a *jackstraw*;" or *hazle* (to dry) in Rogers's Naaman the Syrian: "Thou, who by that happy wind of thine didst *hazle* and dry up the forlorn dregs and slime of Noah's deluge;" or the form *druggerman*, used by Pope, where we have the somewhat better form *dragoman*, an interpreter:—

Pity you was not *druggerman* at Babel.

These, and various others, are real deficiencies in Johnson, Richardson, &c.; though it is worth while to notice that some of them are made good in Webster-Mahn. But we must join issue with Archbishop Trench on the claim he puts forward or implies, to have a word necessarily received as English because he can find it in a single author, and even in a single passage of that author. Because Henry More writes of *mulierosity* and *subsannation*, of the *coaxations* of frogs, of *medioxumous* deities; because Holland tried to introduce the Greek *kumbix* for a curmudgeon, and Hackett sailed at "sharking *proowleries*," and Stubbs at "*gingerness* in tripping on toes," and Rogers makes a verb to *fellowfeel*, are we to insert these words in the dictionary, and hundreds more on similar claims? It seems to us that to do so would not be merely superfluous, but subversive of the just conception of language. A word, we maintain, does not become English by being invented by one, but by being acknowledged by many. It is not enough to coin a word, the question is of its currency. An author, ancient or modern, makes a new word in jest or earnest. If there is evidence of its being taken up and passing into use between man and man, it has won a standing in the dictionary; but otherwise let it stay in the place where it grew, and if the reader needs an explanation when he comes upon it, let this be given in a note. Such matters belong to the commentary on the individual author, not to the dictionary of his language. Surely a new word was not contributed to French by the title of the "Questions Encyclopédiques de Pantagruel, lesquelles seront disputées sorbonicolificabilitudinissementes escholes de Decret;" nor by the question therein contained, whether the black Scorpion

could suffer solution of continuity in his substance, and with his blood darken the Milky Way, "au grand interest et dommaige des lirelofres *iacobipetes*." The one word explains itself, the other needs merely a note that it means pilgrims to the shrine of St. James, the Milky Way being called in Spain the road of Santiago.

Again, *wiggery* and *doggery* are scarcely as yet English words, though Mr. Carlyle has devised them, and reviewers have quoted them from him with not admiring comments. Nor will Wendell Holmes expect to find in the next English dictionary the new words from his poem on intramural æstivation, or being shut up in town in summer, in which he takes off (unusually well, though the idea is hackneyed) the use of Latinized words. This is the first verse:—

In candent ire the solar splendor flames,
The foles, languescant, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, anhelng, wipes,
And dreams of errng on ventiferous ripes.

Fortunately, it takes more than one to make a quarrel or a word, and any eccentric word-fashioner will not receive a warm welcome from the Philological Society when he sends in a copy of his works, with "Mr. Verbifex presents his compliments to the Archbishop of Dublin, and begs to call his attention to the thirty-seven new words which he has added to the English language."

On the question of local and slang words, the Philological Society seem to us to have come to a sound judgment in admitting these where their existence is properly vouched for. What is called literary or classical English is not enough for students of philology, or even of literature, who will expect to find in the new dictionary (so far as possible) every word which has, or has had, a place in the current English of any district. As to the registration of technical words, it is not quite clear that the projected complete English Dictionary should catalogue them apart from the rest of the language. As regards all concise dictionaries, however, there is no doubt of the practical convenience of relegating all exclusively technical words to a separate technical dictionary. Those which have passed into ordinary language, such as *oxygen* and *parabola*, *antiseptic*, and *safety-valve*, belong to the common English dictionary as plainly as *kakodyle* and *tractrix*, *borborygmic* and *frisket* do not.

Having thus considered the vocabulary of the complete English dictionary, we

turn to its treatment. Etymology, as the primary key to the significations of words, and History, as showing their development of meaning, together have the principal part in determining their definition and arrangement in the lexicon. These principles have been long admitted in theory, though so imperfectly followed in practice. Richardson's maxim is, "that a word has one meaning, and one only; that from it all usages must spring and be derived; and that in the etymology of each word must be found this single intrinsic meaning, and the cause of the application in those usages." This may be supplemented by Johnson's older remarks in his Plan, that "it seems necessary to sort the several senses of each word, and to exhibit first its natural and primitive signification." These rules represent an ideal standard of perfection in the dictionary-maker's art, and it is only to a limited extent that they can, as yet at least, be realized in practice. The points of the problem may be shown best by taking separately the etymological formation of the word and the historical development of its sense.

Richardson's idea was to trace each word back to its ultimate simple origin, as expressing the "denomination of sensible objects, or actions, or operations." To some extent he was able to do this himself, as in the commonplace instances where *sun-stead* or *solstice*, *moonstruck* or *lunatic*, show their derivation from sun and moon, or where *success* can be explained as "coming up to," and *sentiment* and *sentence* referred to bodily "feeling," or where *flighty*, *overbearing*, and *headstrong*, are carried in plain English back from their metaphorical to their material origins. It need scarcely be said that modern investigation of the root-words of Aryan speech has given etymologists of the new school at once a larger and a surer means of thus reducing English words to their simplest primary ideas, than was available in old times. Here, however, the question arises, should researches of this vast scope be introduced into the dictionary of a single language—should they not rather be left to special treatises on comparative philology? It must be clearly understood that the dictionary-writer's duty is not to teach the science of language at large, but to enable readers to follow the derivations of their own words so far back as may be toward their earliest forms and senses. The case appears to be one for practical compromise. So far as con-

cerns genuine English words, and especially root-words, it is certainly not well to stop short at Anglo-Saxon, but by comparison with kindred languages, to give a view of their remote descent from an original Aryan type. To take obvious instances, under *flow* it is desirable to cite not only its original Anglo-Saxon *flowan*, but to point out its more or less remote connexion with Norse *flut*, Latin *fluere*, Sanskrit *plu*, &c.; the verbs *stand* and *go*, should not only be traced from Anglo-Saxon *standan* and *gân*, but compared to Gothic *standan* and *gaggan*, and Sanskrit *sthâ* and *gâ*. Here, it is true, we scarcely travel back to more primitive senses than English shows, nor when *six* and *seven* are traced from Anglo-Saxon *six* and *seofen*, and compared with Latin *sex* and *septem*, and Sanskrit *shash* and *saptan*, do we seem to come much nearer to the original ideas whence these numbers were named. Yet, at any rate, a clue is given to the hereditary descent of English, and in many cases this is already a clue to ancient meaning as well as to ancient form. Thus *deal*, whether in the sense of a share or quantity, or in that of the fir-wood, from which deal-boards are especially made, has its first sense most perfectly shown in Sanskrit *dal*, to split (*findi*). Again, the evidence of a remotely ancient way of expression, such as ours when we talk of "an intelligent being" or a "rational creature," is forthcoming in the apparently sound derivation of English *man*, from a root represented in Sanskrit *man*, to think. Such words should be treated even in a concise educational English dictionary, much more in a complete one, as not merely English but Aryan words. How far the same treatment is to apply to words adopted into English from other languages, it is not quite so easy to decide. Thus, no doubt, *stable* has to be traced through French *estable*, Latin *stabulum*, to Latin *stare*, to stand; and the history of *squirrel* has to be made out among such forms as Old French *esquirrel*, Low Latin *squirelus*, Classical Latin *scirurus*, *sciurus*, till the sense-derivation is reached in Greek *σκιουρος*, or shade-tail. The English dictionary having reached these significant Latin and Greek words, may perhaps fairly leave further examination to the Latin and Greek lexicon. Let us again insist that in all cases the main point is to carry the etymology so far back as to reach, if possible, an intelligible primitive meaning. It is not enough, with Webster, to tell the student that

shire is from Anglo-Saxon *scire*, and *share* from Anglo-Saxon *scear*; he ought to be shown the relation of these words to the verb *sceran*, to cut off or divide; and when the same author is content to indicate the proximate sources whence English took such words as *priest* and *prince*, without going back to Greek and Latin to explain the train of ideas by which they obtained their meaning, we feel that no mere definition of their modern senses can make up for the suppression of their significant history.

On the whole, we advocate the introduction into the dictionary of the deepest-reaching etymology, down even to Aryan roots, so far as this enables the student to conceive the primary idea of a word or group of words, and thence to follow the successive ramifications of sound and sense. But protest must be made against the English dictionary being used as a receptacle for promiscuous philology, not bearing on this distinct issue. The protest is not against an imaginary evil. Of the scanty selection of philological evidence in our dictionaries, much has merely a collateral interest—the defective arrangement of this often making it not only superfluous, but misleading. The modern dictionaries, of course, display far higher knowledge than the earlier ones; but there is a vital difference between displaying knowledge and imparting it. It is really surprising to see how, from first to last, the fundamental distinction between derivation and connection is ignored, or so imperfectly indicated that half-educated people must miss it. Turn to a page of Johnson, and we find *crinigerous* referred to Latin *criniger*, and then *crinkle* referred to Dutch *krinckelen*, without a hint that the two cases stand on an entirely different footing, the first as showing an English word directly derived from a Latin one, the second as showing an English word indirectly connected with a Dutch one. The Latin word stands in the history of English, while the Dutch one does not, and is a mere collateral illustration. The general absence of this distinction in dictionaries makes it even difficult to guess what the etymologies mean, where the author's scholarship is questionable. Perhaps Dr. Johnson seriously thought that *ape* was derived from the Icelandic, to which he refers it, in the same sense in which *anxious* is actually derived from the Latin, to which he refers it in the same manner. Perhaps Dr. Worcester really thought *pitchfork* to be derived

from the Welsh *picfforch*, and *huckster* from Danish *höker*, or German *Höcker*; while even if he knew better himself, at any rate his placing of the words invites his readers to fall into such mistakes. Even in a dictionary so entirely based on etymology as Richardson's, masses of related words are heaped together, without any notice of their different relations to the English word they follow. Thus, under *explicate* he cites French *expliquer*, Italian *esplicare*, Spanish *explicar*, Latin *explicare*, to unfold, untwine, &c. Richardson is seldom consulted except by students, who can read between his lines well enough to know the real interpretation of such a group of references as this. But the best people's dictionary, the Webster-Mahn, has the same defect in a yet greater degree. This is the more vexatious, that the compiler no doubt has a meaning, and generally a good one, but habitually, through mere clumsiness, fails to express it. Of the words following the English word, some may be its originals in the direct line, some may be words related to these in other kindred languages, and some even words adopted in other languages—all these being tumbled together, leaving the reader to judge of their relation from their order as he best may. Take the etymological reference to the word *confusion*; it is "Lat. *confusio*, Fr. *confusion*, Pr. *confusion*, *confusio*, Sp. *confusion*, It. *confusione*." Here the editor knew, and we know, but the school-boy who consults the book for information is just the person who does not know, that English took the word through the French form from the Latin, and that the Spanish and Italian are collateral forms, which have no business whatever in an English dictionary. The relation among the languages here is, in fact, different from that in the previously mentioned case, where the derivation is directly from Latin; yet the Webster-Mahn etymologies of *explicate* and *confusion* show no such distinction, but stand as though their cases were similar. Take a more difficult word—the verb *cost*. Its etymology is given thus: "Ger. and D. *kosten*, Dan. *koste*, Sw. *kosta*, It. *costare*, Pr. and Sp. *costar*, Pg. *custar*, O. Fr. *coster*, N. Fr. *coûter*, from Latin *constare*, to stand at, &c." Looking over this list of words, one feels a certain gratitude to the lexicographer for withholding the Flemish *kosten* and the Engadine-Romansch *custar*, which would not have been more irrelevant than most of it. The correct etymology is half hidden in

the maze; it is simply that Latin *constare* dropped its *n* in the middle ages, and passed through French into English *cost*. If the lexicographer has space to show also that the word appeared in Spanish and Portuguese, and was introduced into German and Scandinavian languages, let him do so; but he had better omit this extraneous lore than drop it as a stumbling-block in the way of the direct English derivation. Where derivations of the easier class are so ill handled, we may guess the fate of more difficult ones. Thus the account of the word *pint* is not only confused, but blundering, viz.: "Anglo-Saxon *pynt*, D. *pint*, Ger. and Fr. *pinte*, from Sp. and Pg. *pinta*, spot, mark, pint, from *pintar*, to paint." Surely the editor cannot mean that our early English ancestors took the word from Spain; its actual derivation from Latin *pingere* is represented in medieval Latin *pinta*, a measuring vessel for liquid, apparently as being graduated by painted lines. Again, under the word *scut*, a stump-tail, is given Icelandic *skott*, allied to Welsh *cwt*, a rump or tail, Latin *cauda*. Does this mean that the English word is allied to, or derived from, the Icelandic? If it is meant to leave the matter in doubt, as etymologists continually must do, why not say so? Thus there is nothing to be ashamed of in not being able to give a clear etymological account of the somewhat obscure word *scoff*. But to accumulate four lines of details respecting it, such as Danish *skuffe*, to deceive or delude, Icelandic *skuppa*, to laugh at, Old High German *scoph*, Old Frisian *schof*, sport, is to offer the reader a mass of undigested philological matter, out of which to elaborate his result. If he is capable of this difficult process, he will turn for information to some more advanced book, and try to settle whether, as has been thought, the word is a Norse importation into English. If he is not a philologist, he will be either bewildered or misled. It is necessary to insist that in future dictionaries, it shall be made clear for what purpose any word is cited in the etymology. The word "from," should be inserted to indicate direct derivation, and words added as collateral, illustrative, or of doubtful bearing, should carry proper marks of their intention.

For philological purposes, special etymological dictionaries have been and will be found convenient, admitting, as they do, an elaborate collection and discussion of evidence which would be tedious in a general lexicon. Mr. Hensleigh Wedg-

wood's "Dictionary of English Etymology" is now re-issued in a second revised edition, in which the high merit of the first as to historical philology is maintained. We still think, however, that the author's theory of direct derivation of words from imitative sound might well have been more judiciously limited, inasmuch as its real and high value within proper bounds cannot save it from becoming destructive of sound philological method, and subversive of the reader's confidence, when those bounds are transgressed.* Edward Müller's "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language"† is remarkable as being written by a German, and for Germans. The preface states that Webster and Worcester, Richardson and Wedgwood, being insufficient for the needs of German teachers and students of English, he undertakes to provide a better, not judging the task too difficult, with the help of the information supplied by German philologists such as Fiedler, Koch, Mätzner, Grimm, Diez, and others. We call attention to this preface, with the valuation it so calmly puts upon English students of the English language, as a hint likely to have a stimulating effect on English philologists. Dr. Müller, we are bound to say, has justified his claims. He has produced an etymological dictionary which, indeed, shows little original research, and no genius, but is highly commendable for the diligent labour and sober judgment which make it for the time being the most full and trustworthy work of its class. Detailed criticism of these works lies outside our present plan, but their bearing on the formation of the dictionary at large makes it needful to mention them.

Next, as to the historical development of the senses of a word, to which the dictionary arrangement must conform. The lexicographer's grasp of the etymology is an important element in his success or failure in starting with the primary sense, the "significatio principis," as Scaliger calls it, and afterwards ranging the derived meanings in rational order. Actual documents must be compared to show at what dates new meanings grew out of older ones, thus displaying the historical order. The two orders, rational and historical, have then to be worked in together. When there are several stages of meaning, the develop-

ment can seldom be successive from first to last; nor is it easy to trace exactly the complex ramifications of a once simple meaning. Still, the arrangement may be so drawn up as to place the reader at the point of view which suggested each new meaning, and so to put him in possession of the actual cause, where the mere definer would be embarrassed in dealing with results whose cause is hidden. Take as an example the word *pipe*. It seems to have been originally an imitative word, signifying the simple musical instrument whose sound was imitated in Anglo-Saxon *pip*, as it still is in French *pipe*, and Italian *pipa*. Thence it came to be used to express instruments resembling the musical pipe. Thus low Latin *pipa* seems to have been used also to denote the tube through which the sacramental wine was sucked up (*fistula qua sanguis Dominicus hauriebatur*). Europeans beheld the natives of America drawing the smoke of tobacco through an instrument which, as they said at first, was "like a pipe;" and when this instrument became more familiar to themselves, they simply gave it the name of *pipe*. In like manner, the word came to express a tube for conveying water, a tube generally, and even a kind of cask. Johnson's ignorance of the philology of this word accounts for the weakness both of his arrangement and his definition. He seems to suppose the primary sense to be that of "any long hollow body;" then follows "a tube of clay, through which the fume of tobacco is drawn into the mouth;" then "an instrument of wind musick;" and after this sundry other meanings. Worcester and Webster improve on this. It is true that they do not suggest the origin of the word from imitative sound, and that the disorderly crew of words from above a dozen languages which they huddle together by way of etymology, rather perplexes than unravels the idea of its origin. Yet they correctly put the musical instrument first, and state or suggest the development of the other senses. In justice to Johnson, it must be remembered that he arranges the order of his meanings with less regard to history than to practical prominence, even putting the secondary sense before the primary where he knows well enough which came first. Thus he sets down *coal* as meaning, 1, "The common fossil fuel;" 2, "The cinder of scorched wood, charcoal." Again, under *musket*, he gives 1, "A soldier's hand-gun;" 2, "A male hawk of a small kind," &c.

* See "Quarterly Review," vol. cxix. p. 425.

† "Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Englischen Sprache," by Edward Müller. Coethen, 1865-7.

The *musket* and the *coystrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *falcon*; but above the rest,
The noble *buzzard* ever pleased me best.

Of course Johnson was aware that *coal* meant wood-coal ages before it came to mean *par excellence* stone-coal; and he expressly notices that the gun was named after the hawk. But by missing the historical order of meaning, he at once upsets philology, and loses suggestive illustrations of two of the greatest events of modern times, the prevalence of mineral coal and of fire-arms. The modern dictionaries of Webster and Worcester are careful in this respect, and the attention they have paid to the point is proved by the difficulty of finding serious cases of misarrangement in either. Some which seem so are caused by the historical principle being interfered with for other reasons. Worcester, under the verb to *baffle*, puts first the later meanings, to frustrate and foil, and afterwards the earlier meanings, to disgrace and mock; but he does this intentionally, because the earlier sense is now antiquated. As to the word *coward* in Webster and Worcester, a curious point appears. If it is to be derived from French *couart*, and interpreted as referring to a dog with his tail (*coue*) between his legs, then the use of the word in heraldry, where "lion *coward*" (French, "lion *couard*") still means a lion with his tail between his legs, ought to stand as representing the primitive material meaning, before the secondary metaphorical sense of without courage. The dictionaries treat the ordinary sense as principal, putting the heraldic into the lower place, probably as being technical. Beside these cases, however, there are others which show unmistakable failure in working out the development of meanings. Thus Worcester can have no justification for arranging the meanings of the verb to *bake* as in the first place to dry or harden by heat, and in the second to cook, as in an oven; surely the cook's use is the primitive one. Again, from Bailey to Webster-Mahn, the dictionaries give to *clumsy* the sense of awkward, unhandy, as the original meaning, and etymologize the word accordingly. Richardson, whose great merit it is to produce proof of the early significations of his words, fails here, going no farther back than to such quotations as this from Ray on the Creation, "formed or moulded into such shapes and machines, even by *clumsy* fingers." But Archbishop Trench shows

the word in its original meaning of stiff, numbed, especially with cold, as in this passage from Holland's "Livy:" "and returned to the camp so *clumsy* and frozen" (ita torpentes gelu in castra rediere); while earlier illustrative forms are given in his "Glossary," "thou *clomsest* for cold" (from the "Promptorium"), and "our hondis ben *aclumsid*" (from Wiclif). One further remark remains to be made as to the arrangement of derivative meanings. Mere succession, as hitherto used in dictionaries, often fails to tell the exact history of their evolution, and where there are several significations it should be stated as distinctly as the case allows which is derived from which.

Quotations appropriate for use in the dictionary should illustrate either development or definition. It is true that the pungency of a sharp-cut thought or phrase so stimulates the reader's mind, and the glory of a noble utterance so raises his mood, that the lexicographer willingly chooses a grand or acute passage where it aptly serves his special end. Yet, though the great dictionary can often set such gems as instances from their proper periods, so gaining beyond philological use the added interest of a literary museum, this is not the real object of the lexicon, and shorter dictionaries must set it aside. Johnson, founding in England the method of illustrative quotation, records experience for the benefit of his successors. "When first I collected these authorities, I was desirous that every quotation should be useful to some other end than the illustration of a word; I, therefore, extracted from philosophers principles of science; from historians remarkable facts; from chymists complete processes; from divines striking exhortations; and from poets beautiful descriptions. Such is design, while it is yet at a distance from execution. When the time called upon me to range this accumulation of elegance and wisdom into an alphabetical series, I soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student, and was forced to depart from my scheme of including all that was pleasing or useful in English literature, and reduce my transcripts very often to clusters of words, in which scarcely any meaning is retained; thus to weariness of copying I was compelled to add the vexation of expunging. Some passages I have yet spared, which may relieve the labour of verbal searches, and intersperse with verdure and flowers the

dusty deserts of barren philology." With all the imperfections of Johnson's plan and range of quotation, the verdict of later generations has done justice to its general merit and to the fewness of passages totally dull and unconstructive, such as the scrap quoted from Swift *à propos* of *rice*—"if the snuff get out of the snuffers, it may fall into a dish of *rice* milk." Richardson's long array of chronological extracts, obtained by systematic beating over the field of English literature where Johnson had but opportunity for excursions hither and thither, more nearly approaches the completeness of the ideal English dictionary. Still the contemptuous terms in which Richardson, in his Preface, speaks of Johnson's labours, may be avenged by the modern critic who looks back on both, and wishes that Richardson could have had the benefit of Johnson's unsparing pen to expunge superfluous and tedious matter from his own columns. In concise dictionaries, the small number of passages that can be reproduced must be chosen yet more scrupulously; but attempts to select such quintessences have hitherto been of unequal success, and, indeed, show a want of guiding principle. The editor of the "Imperial Dictionary" finds fault with Johnson for quoting seven passages, occupying nearly thirty lines, as exemplifications of the word *household*. Reading this condemnation, we naturally turn to the "Imperial Dictionary" to see how the critic will deal with the case himself, and we find there Webster's single quotation, "I baptized also the *household* of Stephanas." Now, this passage is not an illustration at all, but a mere instance, and, indeed, an ill-chosen one. Johnson's citations at least illustrate the two significations of the word, in which the transition takes place from the primary sense of dwellers in one house to the secondary sense of the family, not necessarily living in one house. The lines from Swift limit the word to its first meaning:—

In his own church he keeps a seat,
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His *household* twice a-day to prayers.

The passage from Shakespeare as clearly implies the second meaning:—

Two *households*, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny.

But the passage concerning the *house-*

hold of Stephanas is just one of those in which the meaning of the word halts ambiguously between these two. It may serve here to exemplify a rule that of all quotations those are least to be prized which are bare instances of the use of a word at some intermediate period, neither recording its introduction nor pointedly illustrating its sense.

Of all quotations those are the most interesting which mark the first appearance of a word, or throw light on its etymology, or show its passage into new senses, or lay down accurate definitions of its several meanings. The method of a full English dictionary, and especially of the great work that shall one day set out in order the linguistic treasures which English has inherited or acquired since the thirteenth century, requires an elaborate chronological series of passages marking the use and change of each word from period to period since its first appearance in our vocabulary. It is unnecessary to copy out here specimens of these date-quotations whose value lies in their relation to one another,—fragments of Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, or the poem of the Owl and Nightingale, to show the occurrence of a word in the thirteenth century; passages from More's Utopia or Sidney's Arcadia, to date it in the Tudor period; more modern extracts from historians, divines, naturalists, novelists, and reviewers. But of such quotations as can stand alone, each presenting some cogent point in the development of language or thought, some new growth of word or turn of sense, it is worth while to select a few examples. In our times, when public attention turns so eagerly to evidence of development through transitional forms, all readers will appreciate the curious felicity of a class of philological cases to which the Archbishop of Dublin and his colleagues of the Philological Society call particular attention. These occur where words immigrating into our language show during the period of transition certain "marks of imperfect naturalization," which disappear when the process of adoption is complete. A passage in which such a word still bears its alien form is thus the most neat and compact evidence of its time and manner of introduction. The following are from Trench, Wedgwood, &c.:—

Chasm.—Observe how handsomely and naturally that hideous and unpropionate *chasma* betwixt the predictions in the eleventh chapter of Daniel and the twelfth is in this

way filled up with matters of weighty concernment. — *Henry More's* "Mystery of Iniquity."

Automaton. — The other was a picture of a gentlewoman, whose eyes were contrived with that singularity of cunning, that they moved up and down of themselves, not after a seeming manner, but truly and indeed. For I did very exactly view it. But I believe it was done by a vice which the Grecians call *αισχρογραφον*. — *Coryat's* "Crudities."

Panic. — Strange visions, which are also called *panici terrores*. — *Raleigh's* "History of the World."

Kickshaw. — There cannot be no more certain argument of a decayed stomach than the loathing of wholesome and solid food, and longing after fine *quelqueschoses* of new and artificial composition. — *Bishop Hall*.

A descriptive or historical passage is often the most perfect illustration of the source, date, meaning, and even etymology of the word it turns on. Thus: —

Tabacco. — There is an herbe [in Virginia] which is sowed apart by itselfe, and is called by the inhabitants *Vppowoc*: in the West Indies it hath diuers names, according to the severall places and countreys where it groweth, and is vsed. The Spanyards call it *tabacco*. — *Hakluyt's* "Voyages."

Shamrock. — Watercresses, which they [the Irish] tearme *shamrocks*, roots, and other herbs they feed upon. — *Stanhurst*, in "Holinshed's Chronicle."

Livery. — What *livery* is, wee by common use in England knew well enough, namely, that it is allowance of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keepe horses at *livery*: the which word, I guesse, is derived of *livering* or *delivering* forth their nightly foodde. So in great houses the *livery* is said to be served up for all night, that is, their evenings allowance for drinke. And *livery* is also called the upper weede which a serving man weareth, so called (as I suppose) for that it was delivered and taken from him at pleasure. — *Spenser* "On Ireland."

Schooner. — The first *schooner* ever constructed is said to have been built in Gloucester, Mass., about the year 1713, by a Captain Andrew Robinson, and to have received its name from the following trivial circumstance: When the vessel went off the stocks into the water, a bystander cried out, "O, how she *scoons*!" Robinson instantly replied, "A *scooner* let her be;" and, from that time, vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by this name. The word *scoon* is popularly used in some parts of New England to denote the act of making stones skip along the surface of water. — *Goodrich* and *Porter's* ed. of "Webster's Dictionary."

Hitherto, in commenting on the various branches of work involved in the complete English Dictionary, we have commended to the future compiler an ambitious scheme, to take as a starting-

point the extensive vocabulary of one predecessor, the careful etymology of another, the well-selected quotations of a third, and to strive to excel each in his own line. But in coming to the last point, that of the definition of words, it is desirable to suggest moderation of aim, where the very circumstances of the case forbid any approach to perfection. Inviting at first, the project will prove vain at last, to draw up a dictionary definition of each word precisely co-extensive with it in range and limit, a definition so elaborate and accurate that the lad who turns to a philosophical or technical word in his dictionary shall obtain not mere hints to guide him in its use, but its full and scientific explanation. The difficulty lies not so much in the lexicographer's want of skill, as in the defective machinery of language. It is not that language fails now where it has fair play; that it even fails now more than hitherto, to bring our thoughts to moderately precise utterance. Men do contrive to talk and write on most intricate and abstruse subjects so as to be understood. But consider for a moment under what conditions this feat is performed. Dr. Tyndall delivers and publishes a course of lectures on Sound. He begins each branch of his subject by appealing to facts we have all known from childhood, and he accompanies its study from first to last by a series of experiments performed in the theatre and depicted in the book. With such aids from familiar experience and sensible demonstration, he is able to explain in words difficult points, such as the generation of heat by alternate expansion and contraction of particles of air in the transmission of wave-impulses, or Helmholtz's theory of the kind of animal pianoforte in the human ear, supposed to transmit the impression of musical tones to the sense. Or again, Mr. G. H. Lewes writes an account of metaphysics and metaphysicians. He indeed shows no diagrams and performs no experiments, yet contrives to tell, and make his readers think they know, matters on the verge of the untellable and unknowable. But his ideas are not packed completely all at once into concise definitions; he can take his time and opportunity to form and perfect them. He builds a metaphysical house and takes his readers in to lodge, till after a while they become used to the peculiar atmosphere and light, and can understand the furniture of the place. In some measure, an Encyclopædia, what in Germany is well called a *Realwörterbuch*, or Diction-

ary of Things, can thus impart absolute knowledge. It will have, for instance, a full systematic sketch of the general principles of Chemistry, with the aid of which scientific instruction can be gained from its special articles under the headings of *acid*, *base*, *salt*, &c., these articles being carefully written essays giving an account of the various and conflicting theories adopted to explain a mass of chemical phenomena, on which those who know most will be least apt to rush into hasty generalization. But such a task cannot be accomplished within the narrow limits of a dictionary, and we may take warning by the treatment of the words in Webster-Mahn and Worcester, where the attempt at scientific summary produces descriptions which none but a chemist can understand, and which are too meagre to be of any use to him. These volumes, with their sprinkling of poor little woodcuts, have probably prevented many a father from buying an encyclopædia for his family, under the delusive impression that the illustrated dictionary would serve instead. Short definitions, where no pretension is made to the functions of a scientific text-book, answer best the special end of the dictionary. The considerations which apply so obviously to the treatment of scientific words, bear more or less fully on words denoting arts and instruments, rules of law and doctrines of philosophy; in short, to the terms belonging to all the more abstruse and complex products of civilization which lie beyond the simpler facts and principles, on the thorough knowledge of which education is or ought to be based. Nor is it the office of the dictionary to afford this rudimentary knowledge. Words fail to teach it, except in conjunction with specimens, diagrams and experiments. In these days when elementary education so distinctly errs in relying too much on book-learning and too little on positive object-lessons, it is no superfluous hint to the dictionary-writer to ask him to keep his proper place in the field of knowledge.

How, then, is the lexicographer to make the best practical compromise in a task where, with Johnson, he will not always satisfy himself, and will find his readers not less hard to please. On the whole, a comparison of the best dictionaries favours the historical plan of passing through the derivation and development of a word to its definition. It may at first sight seem that the actual meaning of a word at a particular time and in

a particular field has little to do with its origin and history, but that it is enough to compare passages in which it occurs, and so to frame a definition which, answering to them all, must be the true one. If language were a more accurate instrument than it is, this might be so, but in fact its rough and ready applications of simple old words to complex new senses can only be satisfactorily followed by students who can ideally place themselves at the points where, lately or long ago, new ideas have branched off from the old. In practice it will be found that recourse at every step to etymological development, as a guide not merely in mapping out but in actually defining English, will produce far better results than its treatment as a conventional collection of words, each with an arbitrary set of meanings. Thus Johnson defined *cloak*, as being "the outer garment, with which the rest are covered;" this is a description which would equally apply to coverings quite unlike cloaks, such as a shawl or a surtout. Had Johnson known, what indeed his modern successors have not yet found out, that *cloak* has its name from its bell-shape, French *cloque*, *cloche*, the etymology would have helped him to the proper definition. Again, the writer who connects *mischance* with a sense of its meaning "falling out ill," will use it more to the purpose than if he were only guided by the dictionary synonyms, "ill luck, ill fortune, &c." So with the word *danger*. Such a mere definition as "exposure to injury, loss, pain, or other evil," supposing it perfectly to explain the modern use of the word (which by the way it fails to do) is incomplete without the information that the word was originally a feudal law term, *dangerium*, meaning exposure to the lord's power, as in liability to confiscation. Here is the key to what the English Bible means by being in *danger* of the council, which differs very perceptibly from the more usual modern acceptance; and here is at the time a hint of the manner in which this common acceptance arose. Again, the fact of English having in so great a measure a double vocabulary is on the whole an advantage to the definer. A scientific man, turning over the leaves of his ponderous dictionary, may smile to see how far the definitions of words are mere cross-translations between the English and the foreign element. He learns that a *flood* is an *inundation*, and that an *inundation* is a *flood*; that to *wash* is to perform *ablution*, and that *ablution* is the act of *washing*. Yet,

after all, this process of working backward and forward between the Teutonic and Latin elements in our speech is a continual and very profitable exercise in clearing and limiting our ideas. Where the primary rule of definition, to explain difficult and complex words by means of easy and simple ones, fails of full success, it is useful to supplement it by the method of translation. If proof be needed of the value of this method we may find it in the dictionary of the brothers Grimm. Inasmuch as German is, roughly speaking, a simple language which has not like English the materials for translation within itself, this German Dictionary has recourse to Latin. We are told that *dampfen* means *vaporare*, that *Butterfliege* means *papilio*. In our dictionary we need not go outside English to say that to *steam* is to emit *vapour*, that a *butterfly* is a *papilionaceous* insect. While dwelling here on the importance of the philological department in the dictionary, it is well to remark that the other departments must not be too much subordinated to it. The great German Dictionary just mentioned affords a case in point. It is so much taken up with the philological origin and development of its words as to be rather a philologist's dictionary than a scholar's, and rather a scholar's than a practical man's. Important as it is to give each word its place in the realm of words, this does not dispense with the use of the definition, that of giving the object or action described its place in the realm of ideas.

An indirect, but most valuable means of definition, is the distinction of synonymous terms which more or less correspond in meaning, and can to this extent be substituted for one another, but which are not absolute equivalents. Yet the unscientific vagueness of words is nowhere better illustrated than in the difficulty of bringing these comparisons to absolute correctness. Even good dictionaries here make the most glaring mis-statements. Thus, in comparing the word *danger* with its synonyms, the best modern edition of Webster observes that *hazard* arises from something fortuitous or beyond our control, as "the *hazard* of the seas," while *risk* is doubtful or uncertain danger, often incurred voluntarily, as "to risk an engagement." Yet *risk* is the very word our underwriters use for chance of shipwreck, and to *hazard* an engagement is a phrase that would strike no one as unusual. The same dictionary, distinguishing between

damage, *harm*, and *mischiefe*, declares that *mischiefe* always springs from the perversity or folly of man. Our experience would lead us to say that *mischiefe* is also apt to spring from the natural instinct of mice, and that, for an old example, Gascoigne used the derivative term properly when he wrote "Although in deede out of every flower the industrious bee maie gather honie, yet by prooffe the spider thereout suckes *mischeuous* poison." It is, of course, easy to find fault with such attempts to lay down by line and rule absolute distinctions between words whose meaning overlaps so far as to make them interchangeable words or synonyms. But here, again, only reasonable care and industry must be asked for. It is well to adduce good passages from writers of credit to guide the student in distinguishing between synonyms in his reading, and to fix his own use of them. It is well, also, to state distinctions—even delicate ones—where they can be reduced to plain terms. Thus, in separating the use of two words just cited, the original sense of *hazard* as a gambler's word should be kept in view:—

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the *hazard* of the die.

This original sense still underlies the use of the word, and should guide the careful writer in distinguishing it from *risk*, which less involves the appeal to blind chance. If choice is to be made between the phrases to *hazard* a battle, and to *risk* a battle, it is here that the distinction lies. In many cases mere custom is the only guide in such distinctions. What is the difference between *machine* and *engine*? The modern Webster's dictionary points out that large and powerful *machines* are commonly called *engines*. This distinction is not a fundamental one. The *rose-engine*, with which watch-cases are *engine-turned*, is no very massive contrivance; nor is the spring-trap for catching mice, which we call a *gin* (contracted from *engine*)—a word which, by the way, the dictionary in question absurdly marks as obsolete. Still there is actually a tendency in modern English to make massiveness and power a distinction between *engine* and *machine*, and it is proper for this to be pointed out in the dictionary. Moreover, it seems to us that there is another important distinction that should also be noticed, namely that *engine* is apt to be used for a contrivance to produce mechanical power, as a *steam-engine* or

an electro-magnetic *engine*, while a machine is rather a contrivance for applying such power when produced, as a *combing-machine* or a *drilling-machine*. All such hints as these are worth giving, for what they are worth, in the English dictionary. But inasmuch as the meanings of words are not limited alike in the practice of even careful contemporary authors, the attempt to work out any logical scheme of synonyms appears chimerical. The lexicographer's information and discretion may be of real value in settling future usage, but his science will fail to define past usage where scientific precision is the very element wanting.

With this illustration of the combined strength and weakness of our language, we conclude a dissertation, lengthy indeed, yet we trust not lengthy out of proportion to the importance of its subject. Striving neither to underrate the real capabilities of our language, nor to ascribe to it an ideal perfection, we have endeavoured to discuss, point by point, the plan of a vast national English Dictionary, which shall be at once its practical inventory and its philological commentary. Yet, even supposing the immense labours of this undertaking to have been successfully accomplished, and the years necessary for its fulfilment to have elapsed, we have to bear in mind that the shelf of volumes forming the "Thesaurus Lingue Anglicanæ" will be too costly for small libraries, and too cumbrous for ready use. In the meantime it is desirable that the present needs of the average Englishman should be promptly supplied. He should be provided with a Concise Dictionary in a single volume, neither too heavy nor too costly, close shorn of superfluous detail and speculative fancy, registering compact precise information from the best sources, and always ready to keep him straight and firm in handling the most copious, versatile, and powerful language of the modern world.

TRIESTE, the most important Austrian port on the Adriatic, wants to throw off its present nationality and become a part of Italy. Nearly the whole of its inhabitants are said to be of Italian descent.

A LARGE number of the works of Petrarch are still buried in Italian and other libraries.

From The Sunday Magazine.
SUKIE'S BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

In the quiet main street of the little town of Cranthorpe, in Torshire, there was to be seen, not more than forty years ago, a small, unpretending watchmaker's shop. The establishment was of the simplest kind. A few watches, almost all silver, with white faces, hung on hooks clustered round the face of an eight-day clock in the window, were at once the insignia and stock-in-trade. The business consisted chiefly of the disembowelling, restoring interiors, and keeping in order, of great turnip-shaped watches which filled the fobs of honest yeomen that deposited them on one market-day with old Miles Cope, and called for them the next market-day, depending, in the meantime, for their knowledge of the hour quite as much on the sun's course in the sky, and its sign on the battered dials which stood among the marigolds and gillyflowers in some of their gardens, on the opening and closing of pimpernel, chickweed, and wild convolvuluses in their fields and hedges, as on their housedames' clocks. Withal there was an air of staidness, constancy, and great respectability, if not of great prosperity, about the old-fashioned, unassuming air of the watchmaker's shop, which shops of more show and dash, and possibly of more energy and enterprise, lacked, not even excluding the tolerably extensive jeweller and watchmaker's shop further up the street.

The master of the little watchmaker's shop was an old resident of Cranthorpe, and so trustworthy in his way, as well as elderly, that he was held in considerable esteem by his fellow-townsmen, notwithstanding many peculiarities which were of a kind to impair his general popularity.

Miles Cope, while he was God-fearing and man-respecting, industrious, sober, and regular as clockwork in his habits, a good citizen, a good churchman, so far as his light went, was pragmatical and opinionative to a degree that could only have been equalled in a Scotchman. He had views on every subject in church and state, which he held stubbornly, and expressed in language as conceited as his condition of mind. Luckily for the comfort of his family and neighbours, he was

also a quiet man — indeed, so quiet, and as a rule so engrossed with his business, and so profoundly impressed with its importance, that one might have fancied him continually on the verge of a great achievement in optics, had he not been signally deficient in the humility and modesty which are apt to distinguish geniuses.

The fact was that Miles Cope was a shallow and stupid, as well as bombastic, old man, very well-doing, and impressing his neighbours justly with his well-doing, while he deceived his family alone into a conviction of his consequence and capacity. After all, there must have been an element of greatness in the assumption of superiority which could live on itself and afford to dwell contented for a long lifetime in isolation and obscurity, and which could, at the same time, persuade those who came nearest to it of its own unsupported infallibility. What mere neighbours (intimate friends he had none) saw of Miles Cope was his never-failing attention to his duties as he knew them; while his trim little figure, girded with an apron, and his lantern-jawed face surrounded by iron-grey hair, a magnifying-glass fixed in one blinking eye, bent for hours over the board and bench at which he worked. Before work began, and after it ended, he would take constitutional walks with as rigid a regard to punctuality as he applied himself to his craft; — always alone, always dressed in the same threadbare, but scrupulously clean and tidy, pepper-and-salt grey suit, with priests' grey worsted or cotton gloves drawn demurely on his bony hands. And he never brought back any other token of his walk — which extended in the same direction, to the same milestone, day after day — except two or three bits of groundsel which served to regale his birds. (He never forgot his birds, neither did he ever expose them to the danger of a surfeit.) His seat at church was always occupied on the occasions of established church services, but he set his face against extraordinary services of any kind. Though he was a reformer and radical in politics, his reforms were of so eccentric and impractical a kind, that he never got an opportunity of trying to establish them. He let them be heard of rarely at the town's meetings. And then, those who did not turn the neat, odd little man into a laughing-stock, toiled in vain to get a glimmering of his meaning through the dim and incongruous mist of his long, inappropriate

ate words, which he disdained to stop and explain. Of some clauses in the great Reform Bill he was reported to have remarked with emphasis, that "them schedules were supercilious non-entities."

Within his own house all was different. Miles Cope reigned there not only a king, but a distant, unapproachable monarch, whose thoughts, far transcending the comprehension of common mortals, were veiled like the Lama of Thibet's person. His dictates his only son might set at nought, but his daughters never dreamt of disputing them. It was a curious feature in Miles Cope's family discipline that he treated his family with a grand indifference, taking little notice of what they did, so long as the regulations affecting himself were paid scrupulous respect to. His dry, cold indifference to the women of his household proved more awful than any amount of passionate tyranny would have been.

Miles Cope's household had consisted of a wife, two daughters, and a son ten years the younger of the family. The wife was a homely, kindly woman, whose reverence for her husband so far outran and overshadowed her love, that she never lost sight of the condescension of his wooing, or came to regard herself as elevated to the same rank with him. But she had died just as she entered middle age, hardly able to contemplate the momentous passage she was making from this world to the next, or to consider the wants of her motherless daughters and son, for impressing upon them charges to look after father, to "mind father" — he needed minding all the more because he could not bear to be disturbed in his ways, being so occupied with the difficulties of watchmaking and of life itself.

Sukie Cope, the elder daughter, took after her mother, being homely and kindly in character. In person she was plain. Her face was large, with great expanses of heavy, fallow cheek, a round ball of a nose, a long mouth with full, protruding lips, and eyes bleared by working as her father's assistant at his trade. Her very hair was at once coarse and spare, of a dull brown colour. Her figure was clumsy, and the clumsiness had been increased by the circumstance that Sukie had, from the beginning of her mother's ailment, taken the whole work of the house on her shoulders, and so slouched and rounded them, as well as roughened her hands, by the manipulation of the fine tools used in watchmaking.

Kitty Cope, the younger daughter, bore a decided, though softened, resemblance to her father. She was dignified in a languishing style, which found its way somehow into the watchmaker's household. At the same time, she was as pragmatic in her woman's way as her father was in his way. To complete the likeness, Kitty Cope, in her perversities, was as honest as the day, diligent after her wilful fashion, and with principles as firm as a rock. In person, she was tall and spare, with a certain refinement, the reverse of buxomness, about her straight-featured, colourless, black-eyed, black-haired, prim face. Both sisters were unaffectedly God-fearing and devout. Their godliness and their integrity formed, in truth, their single, precious, and indestructible possession, without which they would have been poor indeed, but possessed of which the youngest, fairest, and most richly endowed lady of the land, who still wanted the one thing needful, might have envied them.

Young Miles Cope was neither like father, nor mother, nor sisters. He must have been in the image of some remote ancestor. He was a thoughtless, careless, not uncomely young fellow. He had good impulses, but he habitually suffered them to be swamped in a flood of self-indulgence, and the tide of his neighbours' practices. To him life was a light matter, and perilously easy to begin with, since he made no stand for his own higher manhood, far less regarding a divine brotherhood and a God-man. Miles contributed little to the support of the family, though he still lived under the same roof with the others. He had renounced his father's trade without provoking remonstrance or reproach from the old man; and, after serving an apprenticeship to a house-painter, continued to work as a journeyman with his master, letting his wages slip from him in defraying the cost of his dress and his pleasures, satisfying himself with giving Sukie a pound now and then by way of money balance for his bed and board.

Sukie had all the trouble of the family housekeeping, while Kitty consented, as the fitter person, although the younger sister, to take the place of honour — sitting at the head of the table, giving the orders to petty tradesmen, and walking first with her father to church. Sukie was well pleased that it should be so. Next to her father, she held Kitty in highest reverence, and cherished a deep admiration for her graces of mind and

person — her "gentility," Sukie called it. She did not dream of *bearing* with Kitty's airs and crotchets; they were indications of a higher order of being, whom it was a privilege to contemplate at a humble distance, and to wait upon. At the same time, Kitty was a social mortal in comparison with her father — a good, dear sister, so that Sukie had at once the benefit of Kitty's bright example, and of her affectionate companionship.

Towards her brother Miles, with whom Kitty did not get on particularly well, Sukie had the lingering pride and tenderness of the twelve-years-elder sister to the Benjamin of the family, whom she had many a time nursed, whom she had rocked to sleep, and taught to walk. But Miles had grown in a great measure independent of Sukie's love, and, as it appeared, indifferent to it. Thus it had become a difficult enough matter for Sukie to steer her way with any comfort between the frequently contending parties, without presuming to differ from her authority, Kitty, by taking Miles's part in the disputes which occurred between them, and in which he was almost invariably wrong in act, while she was unconsciously exasperating in manner.

In spite of these threatenings of division, the household in the watchmaker's held on its way quietly for several years after Miles had attained his manhood, while Sukie and Kitty were departing farther and farther from their first youth. Miles kept within certain bounds in his idleness and folly. Miles, the father, still commanded sufficient patronage, though his old-fashioned, drudging, solid work was getting more and more left behind, to earn, with the help of Sukie as his willing bond-slave, a moderate but sufficient livelihood.

Kitty did the light work of the household, in addition to her straw-bonnet making, of which Sukie had the rough portion. Once a week, every Saturday, Sukie was absent from her father's side in the shop, conducting in the back premises a brimstone and sulphur purification of the straw-bonnets sent in to be cleaned, and which, besides being cleaned, were turned, re-sewed, and re-moulded several times before they descended to figure on the tops of dust-heaps or on the heads of scarecrows. There was a belief existing in Cranthorpe that Sukie Cope's complexion had a blue tinge shot into its sallowness by her hebdomadal imbibing of brimstone and sulphur in the course of this straw cleaning. Sukie made no ob-

jection; she was a busy, humble, happy woman in her godliness and goodness. She thought herself well off in belonging to a household, the head of which was a God-fearing, honest man, and in which both ends could be made to meet, and especially well off in having a father so superior as old Miles, and a sister so genteel and loveable as Kitty, with no worse a set-off to these advantages than a brother like poor Miles, who would surely learn to think and to pray, and turn over a new leaf some day.

Sukie prized the dull, dingy old house, in which she had been born, and in which she had lived till she was past her prime, with the out-of-date bits of furniture. The house was not dull and dingy to her, but merely quiet and sober, as it should be. The furniture of kitchen, front room, and bed-rooms, including with its cupboards, tables, chairs, and beds, an eight-day clock with works of her father's making, was not only valuable in itself, but was welcome evidence of old-established respectability. And Sukie enjoyed the little garden, with its tiny plots of cabbages and turnips, and those best and primitive flowers of rose and lily, and herbs of thyme and rosemary, among which, in the rare instances when he was totally disengaged and home-inclined, young Miles would work for a spare hour at a time, and where Sukie herself found breath and refreshment after facing the stifling fumes of the straw-bonnet cleaning.

If the house or garden might have been too quiet otherwise, Sukie considered that they were saved from the obligation by the enlivenment and diversion afforded by old Miles's pets, the canaries, which hung by the kitchen-window in winter, and outside the kitchen-door in summer, and sung, save in the moulting season, with shrill pertinacity "as good as a concert," every day, and all day. Sukie, who had no ear, and strong nerves, was wont to say triumphantly, "How could the house be dull?"

Sukie had her work to do, which kept her so fully engaged for six days out of the seven, that any moment of leisure was a treat to be enjoyed; while once a week, on Sunday, there was one solemnly bright day of rest, when Sukie "cleaned up," as she called it, and dressed in her simple best, went forth with her father and sister to worship God in his sanctuary, or sat at home reading her Bible, and pondering its contents, and the ways of Providence with men—

sometimes on the little summer-seat in the garden, with no interruption save that of serving the family meals.

Kitty was less contented than Sukie, which Sukie thought was reasonable, though their father was quite at rest in his lot, but who was like father, sufficient for himself and careless of the world? A fine woman like Kitty liked to be more appreciated than she was among the set of thoughtless young people who brought her their bonnets to make up, and who had grown up around the sisters, and the young men as flighty as their Miles; and the old people who might have known better, but who, on the principle of each crow thinking its own bird whitest, were engrossed by their own children, and were so infatuated as to hold an ordinary rosy cheek, or crisp curl, or plump figure (which were pretty enough, Sukie confessed, in their common youthful way, but which every day's wear and tear would fade) above the lady looks of Kitty, which had seen five-and-thirty summers, and with their tall slimness and colourless straightness, and decorous lackadaisicalness remaining unimpaired, as how could time impair what belonged to the spirit? Kitty's was a beauty without paint—a beauty that one would not see every day.

But Kitty's religious principles and virtue struggled with her shade of discontent, so as to prevent its being more than plaintive, and only now and then fractious. Therefore, Kitty's discontent did not seriously disturb the peace of this period of Sukie's life.

CHAPTER II.

THE BRIDES.

YOUNG Miles Cope did not often bring his associates to the home which was not congenial to him, but he chanced one evening to introduce to his father and sisters Will Mayne, his last and greatest friend. Will Mayne was a house-painter like Miles, engaged for the summer by Miles's master, and occupied on the same jobs as Miles. The two men had fraternized and become inseparable.

Will Mayne was not a Cranthorpe man, not even a Torshire man. He was a few years older than young Miles Cope, so that his position as a mere journeyman on no higher level than Miles was not quite compatible with any acquired mastery of his trade. Nothing was known about him except that he was a big, rather dashing looking fellow in his

line, having a certain polish and flourish of manner along with a plausible tongue, with which he impressed even old Miles and Kitty Cope on the very first night of their acquaintance.

Sukie Cope long remembered that night in June,—how her father had sat in his arm-chair, and had laid down the law on the lighting of the town with a freedom quite unprecedented on so short acquaintance; and how Kitty had worn her green calicot gown and her black silk apron, and she, Sukie, had felt how much the stranger must be struck with the learning of her father and the gentility of Kitty; and how Miles had stood the whole of the time with his cap on his head, leaning against the window, as if impatient to be off and to carry his companion with him.

In return for his entertainment Will Mayne talked glibly to the old man, saving him the trouble of talking overmuch, and using in his turn such long words as tickled the simple hearer's pedantic tastes; while the speaker contrived to occupy such general ground in conversation that there was little chance of his coming into active antagonism with any established opinions of the party listening to him.

Will Mayne was attentive and deferential to Kitty, who began to bridle and simper in a friendly way under the attention and deference which she liked, but of which neither she nor Sukie thought that Kitty received her due.

"He is quite a suggestive scholar is that crony of Miles," old Miles delivered his vaguely sententious encomium.

"He is a proper young man," admitted Kitty to Sukie, "he is affable, but not forward. I rather wonder what he can find to attract him in an empty blustering fellow like our Miles, but I think the likes of him who has eyes in his head, and knows merit when he sees it, deserves to be encouraged."

Will Mayne had not shown any great quickness in detecting merit on the part of Sukie, seeing that he had very much overlooked the plain homely sister in laying himself out to secure the good graces of the rest of the family. However, Sukie had no irritable vanity to be offended. She was happy that her father and Kitty had made a new and agreeable acquaintance among her brother's friends, both on her father's and Kitty's account and on her brother's, since Sukie had always been told that a man may be known by the company he keeps, notwithstanding that Kitty's single quarrel with the

all-conquering attractions of Will Mayne had been caused by his association with young Miles.

From that evening Will Mayne became a constant visitor at the Copes', visiting them on his own account independently of his friendship with the son. Indeed it had the look as if Will Mayne's friendship with young Miles decreased in proportion as his friendship with the family advanced. After a certain number of seats in the best room at Kitty's right hand,—while the strength of the establishment was put forth in being hospitable, and entertaining their guest with impromptu suppers of ribs of pork, rashers of bacon, fried soles and toasted cheese, which Sukie devoted herself to cooking;—after a certain number of saunters in the garden by Kitty's side; after a certain number of escorts of Kitty to and from the church on Sunday evenings, when Sukie for the first time in her life was promoted to walk first with her father, while Kitty, with a little show of bashfulness tempering her dignity, followed with Will Mayne, he declared himself Kitty's suitor, meeting no obstacle except what might have been implied by young Miles's incredulous, half-indignant whistle, and his exclamation, "So he is after the old girl in good earnest! Well, he should know his own mind; she's not a chicken that she cannot take care of herself, neither would she listen to me were I to speak against the fine match."

Old Miles gave the connection his tacit consent. It seemed a matter of moonshine to him whether his daughters married or remained single, or if they did wed, whether they wedded "soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor." In any case he would take it for granted that they had made a fitting choice, and that the man was a Christian man and a worthy member of society, even if he were not a "suggestive scholar."

Kitty was entirely carried away by her own promotion at last. She did not think that it had come too soon, or that it was totally undeserved; she had none of her mother's humble, half-slavish estimation of her intended husband's generous magnanimity in selecting her for his partner in life; but there was not a shade dimming Kitty Cope's mature happiness from a doubt of Will Mayne. She was perfectly convinced that he was what she had called him on their first meeting, "a proper young man." And her confidence did not proceed solely from Will's having given an earnest of his superiority by his

ready appreciation of her. Had he not talked to her by the hour in periods almost as sonorous and a great deal more flowing than those of her father in praise of all that she had ever led him to suppose that she cared for? Had he not as high a value for honesty, sobriety, industry, as she and hers, with the exception of Miles, had always shown? Nay, was he not as much inclined to hold himself aloof from rude, light-minded people, though he had been decoyed on his first coming to Cranthorpe, by ignorance of the place and by his trade connection, into the boisterous circle in which it had been his good fortune, as it turned out, to encounter Miles, who had, unwittingly to himself, poor blinded, reckless fellow, brought Will Mayne in contact with a different sort of household, and its central treasure, to prize and cherish which the rest of Will's life would not suffice?

As to Will Mayne's religious experience Kitty believed that she recognized him as an advanced Christian, whose favourite texts and sermons were her favourite texts and sermons, and who was prepared to go into the choir to qualify himself for the office of clerk, or to take any further severe test which she might require. Though Kitty Cope was an infinitely vainer woman than her mother had been, though she was affected with an inveterate affectation, which was in fact a second nature, on her bended knees in the utmost sincerity, in the retirement of the room which she and Sukie shared, but where Sukie had seldom time to rest, Kitty thanked God for making and giving her so good a man as Will Mayne.

It was Sukie who was filled with all the contending emotions, all the conflict of hopes and fears which such an event as Kitty Cope's engagement is calculated to excite in single-minded, earnest principals and subordinates in a family. In the first place, Sukie was a true woman, not the less true for her personal uncouthness. She welcomed for her darling Kitty the gain which was never likely to be her own. Until Will Mayne appeared no young man had sought to keep company with the Copes through all their youth on to their middle age. Sukie did not much mind being "a woman rejected and despised in youth." She was not forgotten by her God, though she was forgotten by her fellowmen: it was his will that she should lead a single life, and so it must be best for her. She supposed she was not "taking to strangers;" it was well that her own folk cared for her—for that matter

they could not spare her, Sukie reflected with a grateful swell of her heart, since "poor mother" distinguished her by entrusting her with the charge of minding father, since Sukie had first learned to look up to Kitty, and to wait, when he would let her, on Miles. All things considered, it was a blessing, not even in disguise, that no eccentric man, with whom a pretty face or gentility like Kitty's was not first and foremost, had fancied Sukie. But what she did not heed for herself, it has already been said she heeded somewhat for Kitty.

Now, when the hero had come and had done his part, Sukie was not naturally disposed to be captious. She was filled with sisterly pride and pleasure which ran over in sundry hints and covered boasts to the neighbours of how much the Copes were taken up nowadays, how Mr. Mayne was "a fine youth" (Sukie had derived a faint reflection of the family language which young Miles alone scouted, and which on Kitty's and Sukie's lips, when it was not a boiling down of ancient "Elegant Extracts," was apt to be Biblical in figures and phrases), at least he was a youth to her, she added candidly, forgetting that she was thus inferring that he was somewhat of a youth to Kitty also. He had made them wonderfully bright, as iron sharpens iron, so that they could not find in their hearts to be angry that he would give them so much of his spare time, "seldom lying away from them, poor lad."

Sukie was never tired of taking peeps from behind the half-closed kitchen door, and from the little wash-house where she bleached long streams of straw-plait, at Kitty and Will Mayne in the elevation and leisure of the best room, or the garden; or of professing to shut the street door upon the couple whom she stood and looked after when they had reached the publicity of going out, arm in arm, for an evening or holiday-walk.

Sukie did not dream of jealousy because the younger was preferred before the elder—that would have been ridiculous seeing how far the younger surpassed the elder—or because she was superseded in her old place in Kitty's regard; so that Kitty had, for the present, little attention to spare to Sukie, unless when she wanted an excellent listener to Kitty's ecstatic summing up of Will Mayne's graces and her own good fortune.

Sukie stifled every pang of the one who was left behind, and, of course, often forgotten. She was even willing to bear the

wrench, which could not be ignored, of Kitty's going forth from the quiet, grey house, taking with it its greatest ornament and charm, to dwell no more there as she had dwelt, the constant sharer of Sukie's joys and sorrows, the one object after her father on which she had lavished her chief devotion, so that Kitty might have the happiness and glory, which she would so well become, of being a wife, and the mistress of a home of her own. If only Sukie could have been satisfied that Will Mayne was comparatively worthy of Kitty — no doubt no man could be quite worthy, but even worthy in a degree.

Sukie was not satisfied, and hated herself for secretly setting up her opinion against her sister on so vital a point, where that sister's well-being was concerned, and for having her cold chills and tremors about this promised bridegroom.

It was not that Will Mayne did not trouble to cultivate Sukie's good-will any more than at first. She was not a woman to be piqued, but that her native truth of character, — undazzled by the glamour of specious pretensions, which appealed to her father and Kitty's susceptible vanity, and which had appealed to young Miles's vanity before it addressed that of his kindred, — distrusted Will Mayne's habit of perpetually agreeing with any companion whom he wished to win, distrusted his smoothness and assumption of frankness, distrusted those light grey restless eyes of his, which were continually roaming hither and thither, and always evading the eyes of others.

Then Miles, though he would not tell tales on his comrade, not even to his sister nor for his sister, let out words which seemed to indicate that Will Mayne was a different man with him and in the painter's shop, from what he was in the watchmaker's house. Nay, Miles spoke out to a certain extent when he was put on his own defence for adding to his other undesirable practices that of being seen about the lanes round the town, in the autumn evenings, with Sal Levett, the giddy young daughter of a wild dissipated veterinary surgeon, or "horse doctor," as he was termed in Cranthorpe, whose wife was sickly and incapable, and their family the worst brought up in the place.

Kitty had taken Miles to task for demeaning himself by such an association, and had spoken sharply of Sal Levett as a girl whom she and Sukie could not

notice, before Kitty was summoned to deal with a customer at the house door, leaving Sukie to bear the brunt of Miles's gathering wrath.

"So you condemn a poor little creature like Sal, and you take up with such as Will Mayne," he said, passionately: "it is like you women. Much you know. I could tell you a thing or two, and I might have done it before now, if it had been you he had been coming his soft sawder over, Sukie, but Kitty can look out for herself. She's a match for him, in one way, with her sauce. I should like to see how he or any other lad will stand her nagging."

"Oh, Miles," implored Sukie in agitation and afflict, "how can you speak like that?"

"Why, what am I to do?" retorted Miles; "I cannot walk when and with whom I like for offending a fine madam like Kitty, that is not over-particular when her own interests are concerned; and now it seems I cannot speak out my mind for hurting your delicate ears."

"Oh, it is not that; you know it is not that; and I'm sure I don't want to hinder you from walking with anybody you like," Sukie hastened to propitiate him; "only it is a bad world, Miles, and its tongue will wag, and we have always heard of the Levett's as a disorderly, gadding pack; besides, this Sal is a child to you — not to say to us — a child whom you would not wish, brother, to lead into mischief. But about Kitty, who is surely entitled to hold up her head and be nice — such a lady as she is — you never mean to say that we — she is mistaken in Mayne. Miles, Miles, you'll never let your sister — your own flesh and blood — Kitty, fall like a bird into the snare of the fowler?"

"She would not be worth any fowler's pains, for as puffed up with conceit as she is," said Miles; "and you are a fool for her and yourself, Sukie, making her ten times worse than she would be without you, only you are not so crabbed in the temper. She would not believe me though I were to take my Bible oath to her; and as to Will Mayne, if he is such a silly, with all his cunning, as to think, in spite of your close, shabby house-keeping, that the governor is a miserly old hunk with a lump of money, which Will, through you women, may cut me out of, then he deserves to find himself sold for his greed and treachery."

Miles left Sukie for the moment in great distress, which gradually yielded to the reflection that, after all, Miles was

angry and unreasonable when he made his half-statements. He had done no more than hint that Will Mayne was not all that he should be, and was seeking Kitty for another fortune than that which was contained in herself. But poor Miles, who had expressed himself with disgraceful disrespect of Kitty, had shown himself incapable of judging in the matter. One thing was true which he had said—that Kitty would not believe anything which he could report to the discredit of her lover. And if Will Mayne were not everything that a woman like Kitty might have expected, living with Kitty would improve him, might be the making of him, particularly when he was seven or eight years Kitty's junior. Kitty was more than pleased, and Kitty should know best; and if there had been anything radically wrong, "father," with his wisdom, would have seen and interfered to prevent trouble. It was a shame and scandal in a woman come to Sukie's age, trusted as she was by Kitty and their father, to go dreading and anticipating evil which she could not foresee, and listening to the malice of a spiteful boy like Miles. It felt like disloyalty. Sukie even persuaded herself that it was ungrateful and unchristian in her, when she ought to be giving thanks for Kitty's happiness, and to be "believing all things, hoping all things," of the whole world. Still, deep down in Sukie's heart there remained a load which all the bustle, excitement, and importance of the approaching wedding could not shake off, and which Sukie could only lighten by reflecting that Kitty and her marriage were in the Lord's hands; would not He take care of his servant, and provide for her infinitely better than her silly, stupid sister could?

The wedding was to be soon; there was not even to be the delay occasioned by hiring and furnishing a house for those whom Sukie delightedly called "the young couple." Will Mayne had asserted that as his engagement in Cranthorpe was of a temporary nature, as indeed he could not find scope for the exercise of his talents as a house-painter in a little town, it would be better for Kitty and him to go at once into furnished lodgings; and Kitty, who had a private consciousness that she had no time to lose if she would marry before the last remnant of her prime was gone, eagerly acquiesced.

Sukie and Kitty sat up later at nights than they had ever sat in their lives

before, to make the wedding-dress—a purple silk—and to trim with white Kitty's new straw-bonnet with their own willing hands.

They planned over and over again the procession to and from church—that procession which old Miles had nearly overturned by doggedly declining to leave his shop at an unaccustomed hour to give away the bride, until it was proved that it would be impossible for young Miles to act as his father's substitute. They prepared the little feast afterwards, until Sukie was so affected, and taken out of her modest, retired self by the rush of impressiveness and grandeur in the circumstances, that she grew feverish over that load at her heart—was in danger of waxing for a time talkative and aggressive, and boring the neighbours with her chatter of "the bride, the bride," and with her amiably violent efforts to bring this or that person—from whom she had been in the habit of keeping herself shyly aloof—to see Kitty's gown and bonnet, and cake and pigeon-pie, while she reminded everybody, as she acted the show-woman with all her heart, that they had Scripture for it, that "a bride delights herself in her ornaments," and that no doubt there were wedding-cakes and pigeon-pies in those days also, although there was no mention made of them.

But the shock of an unexpected, unwelcome event recalled Sukie to her sober senses, by serving as a distraction as well as a damp to her excited spirits. On the very Saturday evening that Kitty's banns were given in to be put up, young Miles tore into the family sitting-room with excited gait and a flushed face, and broke the news that another set of banns—his and Sal Levett's—were to be put up at the same time as Will Mayne's and Kitty's, and he thought it right to give his family fair warning, though, considering the opinion that they had not hesitated to express of his future wife, he did not know that they had any title to claim so much consideration at his hands.

The startled family group—Will Mayne was not present—remained for a moment dumb and still with consternation. Even after the spell was dissolved, there was a respectful pause, on the daughters' part, to allow old Miles to speak first.

"Marriage is a profound contumacious business, Miles," said the old man solemnly and mistily as usual.

"I know it is a ticklish business, and often a bitter bad business, father," answered Miles defiantly; "but I have made up my mind to take my chance of it."

"We all know your selfishness and your scornfulness, Miles," said Kitty, with a choking voice; "still, it is a wonder to me that father's son and our brother can have descended to Sal Levett, and can have the presumption to think of classing her with me by having our banns put up on the same day."

"As to presumption, Kitty," said Miles, "I don't know that Sal considers being in your company an honour, and I've always heard say that comparisons are odious; but I've had no choice. George Levett has got a letter from his brother in Melbourne with money to take him and his family out to the new quarters, and to insure their going before the money is spent—for George spends his money like a lord, none of your beggarly savings for him—their sticks of furniture are to be sold on the Tuesday following our marriage, and the family are to start by coach on the Wednesday. If Sal and me are to be buckled together, and we have been keeping company as you two have had the satisfaction of knowing, we are under the necessity of intruding on you and Will Mayne in your monopoly of the clerk and parson."

"But how will you be able to keep a wife, Miles, you who have never kept yourself?" said Sukie desperately.

"That is our look-out," said Miles; "I must make more of my wages, and set on old Bridges to give me higher. Anyhow, Sal will be no worse off than she has been in her father's house, when old George has gone home screwed, and with three-fourths of his fees gone at the gin-shop, every night, for years. There has been a constant scramble in that house," declared Miles, braving out the matter, "for Mrs. Levett, poor pining soul, was not worth her salt for taking charge of the little that reached her. Oh, you may give me joy for not taking a girl who has been daintily brought up—poor Sal has known the hards already, many a time, young as she is—to rough it with me."

It was impossible to put Miles past his rash determination. He was independent of his father and sisters while he had continued a drag upon them; and the moral authority which old Miles, with all his worth and his imposing airs, had never exercised over his son, could not

be called up, and wielded on a sudden emergency, to any purpose.

"It is hard, Sukie, to have this trouble happen now—to have my peace disturbed on my very marriage day. It is a sore affront, for Miles's wretched marriage will divide with mine the talk of the town. I don't know how Mayne will take it," sighed Kitty; "he has no relations of his own here, and so there was the greater call that mine should have been a credit to us both. I thought it was bad enough for father to be grumpy and unlike other parents in making so much objection to closing the shop for an hour—his customers are not so many—and going to the house of God with us, but now to be jostled by an impudent, good-for-nothing chit of another bride like Sal Levett, and her to be the bride of my own brother, who is putting the slight upon me—I do not know how I shall stand it."

"It is no fault of yours, Kitty," said Sukie, full of sympathy; "perhaps the two marriage parties will not come within cry of each other—it will be very uncomfortable if they do—our Miles a bridegroom and us to have nothing to do with his marriage, and never to have spoken to this girl Sal Levett, whose whole family are going to the ends of the earth the day after. What a forlorn young creature of a bride she must be, to be sure! left to the tender mercies of Miles, too; though I dare say he means well by her just now, poor hasty, left-to-himself fellow."

"You'll have nothing to do with them, Sukie," insisted Kitty vehemently; "you'll not go to desert me and take up with culprits. I have counted upon your support—it is a trying moment to a female, unless she be a giggling, brazen-faced baby. If we get mixed up with them, people will think we have been in their confidence and are no better than they are. The Levetts! think of them, Sukie. I hope I am not high-minded or puffed up, and I am sure I would live peaceably with all men; but to be dragged down to the level of drinking, swearing George Levett and his indifferent, peeking, borrowing wife, we who have striven to be godly, and to owe no man anything—it would break my heart, Sukie, on my marriage-day—it would be an insult on father."

"My dear," Sukie answered her sister, "it is my business to mind you and father; Miles must go his way and reap as he sows; it is not I who can prevent it. As to having to do with him and his

friends on our marriage-day. I shall have eyes for nobody save you, Kitty; indeed I do not know how anybody will be able to spare a look to the culprits while you are by, and a bride."

It so happened that the rival parties met in the church porch, young Miles and his wife with her friends going out as Kitty Cope and her company came in.

The Levetts, flaunting, untidy, disorderly, even in that strange enough scene to them—the church—held up boldly, instead of hanging their heads shamefacedly, and Miles was so graceless as to mutter audibly, "Stolen a march on you, Kitty."

The Copes passed in without any notice, except the ambiguous acknowledgment of a wave of the hat which old Miles held in his hand. Sukie had honestly thought that nothing could intermeddle with her devotion to Kitty that day; but not only did Sukie's heart beat with consternation at the unpropitious encounter, but somehow her bespoken engrossed eyes and thoughts were caught and arrested for a moment by the juvenile figure in the trumpery, flimsy muslin and net bonnet at Miles's side, and by the small round face which had been wont to be pert enough, but which now startled Sukie in the single glimpse that she had of it, from its being the only face which glanced up at the Copes in passing with an abashed yet wistful appeal. Sukie gave no sign, but she took in that appeal into her heart in a confused, half-unresisted way. As she stood there with her honest working hands cased in their white cotton gloves, tightly clasped, she did not cry, for she was a woman silent and still in her deepest emotions; but she took in every word of the solemn ceremony, while she prayed fervently for her dear Kitty giving herself to another, for "richer for poorer, for better for worse, till death should them part," and she could not cast out altogether from her consciousness and her aspirations, that other young couple, her young brother, as he had always seemed to her, and his younger wife, who needlessly and ruinously, so far as the world could judge, had on the same spring morning caused themselves to be joined in the same holy state of matrimony.

"Lord, render that boy and girl—man and woman, I would say—who I fear have been forgetful of Thee, in this contract, helps to each other in some way that Thou wilt find for them, and bring

good out of evil," Sukie prayed in substance, in addition to her other prayers.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
TEMPER.

THERE seems a peculiar tendency in men to change the meaning or to abandon the use of words by which they express the more intimate relations and emotions, the events that happen to us all, or the temperament and disposition that characterizes each one of us. It matters not how fit the word is for its work, it must go when its time comes. Men no longer wed but marry; we give up sweetheart to the vulgar without an equivalent; and that fine word humour has so changed its meaning, that when Addison says—"No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour by any who do not wait on him for bread"—the modern reader has to consider before he apprehends his exact meaning. The vocabulary of one generation does not suit the needs of the next. Sometimes we amplify and sometimes we condense. But however the pen expresses itself, it inscribes at the same time a date to be detected by posterity. Through what a quaint series of archaisms does Anthony Wood endeavour to give variety to the announcement of death, as one after another he closes his biographical record; seeking to adapt it to the worth and character of each. The saint surrenders up his pious soul, the player makes his last exit, a clap did usher Davenant to his grave; one concludes his last day, another pays his last debt, another gives up the ghost, another yields to nature. To be born is to receive his first breath; to die, to surrender up his last,—and so on. Modern biographers, seeing that one event happens to all, give up the hope of exciting new reflections in the reader, and resign themselves to the bare record, "he died." Thus the ingenuities of composition exercise themselves by turns in different fields. We are simple where our predecessors were moral and didactic.

But it is in what concerns the inner man that we note more particularly this law of change. The complexities of the subject, the difficulties of analysis, the perversions of satire and irony, all tend to it. The term that satisfies one age fails to say what the next wants to have said. What breadth, nobleness, and be-

nignity, for instance, our ancestors saw in the quality good nature ! but humanity was not amiable enough to allow of its continuance in this first meaning. It had lost it in Dryden's time, who "would fain bring back good-nature to its original signification of virtue," though the change he notices is rather an adulteration than actual change, an excellence degraded into an easiness of nature. The change in the word which heads our subject is more fundamental. Temper, familiarly used, may be said to have turned round in its meaning within the last two or three hundred years. It used to be the atmosphere of the soul, applied generally in a favourable sense. "Restore yourselves unto your tempers," writes Ben Jonson. Nowadays when a man is in a temper, if we dare, we bid him come out of it. True, to lose temper is still to lose serenity — "keep your temper" is still familiar counsel : we so far hold to the old turn of phrase ; but now to *have* temper is to be disturbed and disturbing. But here again we condense where our forefathers amplified. By what various epithets they indicated stormy, disordered, irascible natures ! They were peevish, forward, sour, petulant, waspish, angry, fuming, shrewd. They had their masculine and feminine adjectives. The men were choleric, the women were curst. The men raged, the women had their glouting humours, fits, and vapours ; they were scolds, they were jades, they were shrews and vixens. For all this, whether in man or woman, we substitute, in common parlance, one generic term, temper as a possession, ill temper as its manifestation. The affix "bad" or "ill" — a bad temper, ill-tempered — is so modern, that we should scarcely find it in any book more than a hundred years' old ; sweet temper occurring earlier than the reverse. We say common parlance, for no doubt it was its introduction into common use which caused the change of meaning. Now, *Nature* with the vulgar has never been much used in a personal sense. With them it is the Nature of things or of work, not of man. The countryman understood the *nature* of all farm-labour ; good food loses its *nature* under adverse conditions. The cynicism of would-be wit transposed good-nature in man into a vapid quality, no vulgar handling. But with *temper* it is different. So soon as it slipped into conversational use it altered its meaning by a sort of necessity ; for the common run of people think of noth-

ing in the abstract, and temper does not come under consideration at all with the vulgar but as a thing disturbed and causing disturbance. "Keep your temper," says mild Mrs. Lirriper to her fiery subordinate, applying the term here in its primitive sense. "I'll show them the sort of temper I keep," is the virago's reply. "All of us has our tempers," says the maid of her fellow-servants ; "but I think his is the worst." "What sort of temper?" asks the lady. "Ma'am, she hasn't one," is the favourable rejoinder. We have all found that, however curious the distinctions between one form of diseased temper and another, the troublesome and vexatious qualities of one and all have a common resemblance. They all make themselves unpleasantly felt, all disturb our peace, all suggest the same precautions, all arouse, though in various degrees, a kindred irritation. Whether the man is sullen or snappish, crabbed or snarling, fretful or furious, it is equally wisdom to let the sleeping dog lie so long as sleep it will.

However, having settled for mutual convenience upon a generic term, we cannot for a moment rest in it. There are infinite varieties of bad temper, as well as shades and degrees of the same. Yet we may first define the three distinctions of temper in its primary meaning, with relation to irascibility. An ordinary temper is quiet and so far good as long as it is not provoked ; a bad temper is the aggressor ; a sweet temper can agree with a bad one through its own benignity. We should be careful how we call even the aggressive temper a bad one. It may arise from such purely physical causes as to be beyond the power of complete control ; but it cannot exist without our being alive to it. It may be so slight an inconvenience as merely to ruffle the surface of social intercourse, and to amuse while it ruffles, or it may disturb social and domestic life to its very depths — it may be food for gentle satire or it may embitter life ; but wherever it exists it is perceived, or at least felt. Anything deserving to be defined as "a temper" at all, is a presence not to be forgotten by those within its influence — a fact though it may not be recognized by its right name. That only should be called a bad temper which needs to be calculated upon and warded against at every turn — which constitutes a recognized trial in those near enough to be subject to it — which leads those acquainted with it to ask first at every

turn of affairs how Mr. M—— will take it? what Mrs. N—— will say to it? But every aggressive temper, compatible as it is with a thousand excellent and charming qualities, lays itself open to certain tests. Take, for example, in any family circle, the member who has first to be considered in any plan or arrangement—apart, we mean, from natural recognized claims,—the one whom it is all important to please because he is certain to make it unpleasantly apparent that he is not pleased,—that one has the temper; though very likely the judgment would surprise himself and be excepted against by his friends, for it requires two in this state of the disorder to bring it to a head; and so long as the temper acts unconsciously and is unconsciously yielded to, it is bearable. The downward step from this stage is where the temper is brought to play as an engine—where the man makes himself “nasty” and knows it; for here is deliberate aggression which no merely ordinary temper can stand unmoved. Every degree of bad temper, even the slightest, can only relieve itself through the suffering of others. The suffering, designed whether consciously or not, may be slight—mere uneasiness; but that uneasiness is the object aimed at. The sullen look when others are gay is meant to check that gaiety. The frown or the scowl grows darker until it has effected its purpose. Somebody must share the gloom before it will pass away.

Happy the man who can honestly clear himself of all knowledge of this sour condition! Without being ill-tempered, most people have their periods of bad temper. We may all have our turns of acting *bête noir*, though our test applies to those of whom the performance is expected—to whom it comes most naturally. If we, too, share a temper of this sort, it is well that we should face it, under whatever aspect. It may be a temper that stands in the way of others' independence of action, and innocent enjoyment; instigated by jealousy, it may interfere with friendships and intimacies; stimulated by obtrusiveness, it may exact a share in every interest or excitement; spurred by contradiction, it may quench the flow of thought and opinion; set on by egoism, it may allow no kindnesses, liberalities, affections it does not share; prompted by bile or indigestion, it may refuse to suffer alone, exacting a tribute of discomfort from all within reach of the evil influence. So

blind is ill temper that any one of these states may be the habit of the mind without a suspicion of the fact. Few people would be recognized kill-joys if they knew it. Certain it is that no study of temper in the abstract should be pursued without self-study and reference to conscience. The two pursuits have not as much in common as they seem; and ill temper may refine upon ill temper, analyze, depict with telling effect, without once consulting the inner consciousness.

No temper should be condemned as bad that is not set going by selfish considerations. Men may be vehement and passionate to any excess, on public grounds if no personal motive mixes itself with their heat, without exciting, even in those unaccustomed to look for motives, the repugnance that bad temper must always excite. The distinction is felt before it is seen. However, it is rare to find anger without this alloy; the man in a passion is a city without gates and bars, and self very readily steps in where the spirit is off its guard. Still a man full of general interests, apt to throw himself into great questions with which he has no other personal concern than as they stir his deeper nature, may commit even outrages of temper under provocation, without earning or meriting the epithet ill-tempered; for a bad temper narrows and confines the spirit—indulged, it imprisons it within a circle of personal claims, consequence, rights, pretensions, predominance, and puts the *ego* foremost, however seemingly remote from the cause of irritation; and these claims must in fairness be *unreasonable* claims; for we have as much right to be angry at real injustice or wrong towards ourselves as at that of which others are the victims.

Men are indulgent to the excesses of fire and impulse. Indeed the merely impersonal disposition that lives out of self, and is without passion of any kind, is scarcely fit for social intercourse. We are not interested in any person not to be moved by sense of wrongs to at least a spurt of anger; and, in fact, the person without a spirit that can be roused, without the temptation to fire up at injury and injustice towards himself or others, is either broken-spirited by weight of ill-usage, or born lethargic, phlegmatic, passive, or merely frivolous and wanting in self-respect. Of the crushed spirit, which is past, and perhaps above, being stirred to any heat of indignation, Silvio Pellico is an instance, as well in the con-

cluding tone of his pathetic narrative of suffering as in his later writings: and also many a wife, whose tale of wrong, from the bullying temper of a tyrant husband, can only be read in the blank resignation of an overtaken patience, telling upon movement, attitude, expression. "She looks as if she had been put upon all her life," is the colloquial mode of accounting for this melancholy prostration. God tries his servants with the sharp instrument of human cruelty; some indignation at evil must and should stir the heart, so long as its mechanism remains in healthy working condition, till the tension of a protracted, severely tasked patience wears out the spring,—which it does after a time, when hopelessly exposed to the tyranny either of system and law, or, what is worse, a cruel temper.

But this word Spirit has gone through as many changes as the cognate terms under discussion. To be spiritless is to be born below or beyond, or to have outlived, common sympathy; to *have* a spirit is often a euphemism of temper of the more violent and irrepressible kind. Persons will boast of a spirit who suppose themselves owners of a temper not worse, at least, than the average. The indulgent husband whose wife keeps him in hot water with all his old friends, and prevents his making new ones, will own, in confidence, that his wife has a spirit, while he still would not breathe the word temper even to the reeds: though the time must surely come when the admission will be made and the epithet applied in its fullest force. There is indeed so much to provoke us all, in the turn things are apt to take in this world, that temper, until we have seriously suffered from it, rather stimulates sympathy than destroys it. Nobody is liked the worse for occasionally showing other people that he has a temper; we take it as a vindication and excuse for our own lapses in kind. He is more one of us. Moreover, we are tolerant of temper as of a defect for which no one is wholly responsible. People are born of a certain composition—what the Italians call *pasta*. There is something in the passionate or sullen temper that now and then takes the reins out of the hands of reason—will he, nill he. Just as no self-discipline or training will impart a sweet temper, which is a gift of Nature, "not an acquired but a natural excellence;"—so no conquest over temper can be so complete as to blot out every indication or possibility of relapse; it can be brought under, but

not changed to its contrary. The victim of it is interesting as *being* a victim of some adverse power. There is always this theory of possession, of the man being got hold of by something that is not himself. When passion arrives at a certain stage, he is "driven by the furies," no longer a free agent. But besides this, temper in others has its attractive side to strong wills, as a thing they can subdue. The high repute of Katherine's temper was a positive attraction to Petruchio; he longed to try his hand on it. He knew he should have the best in the encounter—and the strong like to try their strength. But women are the real tolerators—more than tolerators, patrons—of ill-temper. Nothing but experience will teach them fear. The indulged daughter is attracted by indications of temper in her lover. Women are born managers, and the love of management wants something to manage. It is part of the craving for sovereignty which Chaucer attributes to the sex. We may regard it as a provision of Nature in favour of the passionate and moody that they can always find some woman willing to take them in hand; believing that it only needs judicious treatment to tame the tiger into a domestic animal, and that hers is the gift and the mission. She is so far supported in her theory that the worst tempers are generally amenable to some particular influence. The violent woman's little daughter talks fearlessly of "mamma in one of her tantrums," they do not touch her: the man who is a lion in his house, and frantic among his servants, never commits himself to some favourite child, or holds the demon in check in his intercourse with his wife, who, having won him, knows how to keep him, by some rare union of courage and sweetness—by never showing herself afraid, never trembling before him. Why may not *she* be like this wife, and in her turn subdue a temper to her purposes? Sometimes it answers even where the task is deliberately undertaken, but only where the temper belongs to a character of many sides. There are men whose only domestic side is ill-humour, who only soften to persuasions from without, whose home temper, from mere habit, is an abiding presence, a shadow that never gives place to the sun—the moral barometer's fluctuations ranging only from rain to storm. Women of the lower class are the bitterest sufferers from this reliance on their taming powers, as they are the most reckless in testing them. We have

known a gentle creature with whom it must have constituted the sole motive. Tied to an ill-tempered brute, and sadly reflecting in after-years on how it came about, she could safely say it was not his looks that misled her; for she recalled her remonstrances to her good and easy first husband, at his having such an acquaintance—"he is that *fon* and that shabby that *I* should be ashamed to be seen speaking to him." And yet in time she married him, and from thenceforth was his slave, with no other thanks than growls and curses hurled at her by day, and muttered in his sleep; for "he never turned in bed without an oath."

The worst victims of this hallucination have not even the compensation of those outbursts of penitence which are supposed to follow transports of rage, and which, while love lasts, are so touching and so dear; for the people who cast a permanent gloom around them don't seem to know it. The man of merely brutal temper is probably not given to scrutiny of any kind, any more than a raging bull or a vicious mule. Happy they whose own temper is not tried or exasperated by rasping contact with one of those social monsters, by no means confined to the poor, though the scandals they cause are most public where life altogether has fewest concealments. It needs a very fine nature not to be narrowed and soured under such contact, even where it is borne patiently and wisely. A daughter or wife so circumstanced sees everything through a distempered medium. Nothing can be viewed on its own merits, but primarily on its bearings with the predominant influence—the most cramping of all conditions outside the inner self. It is few indeed who can endure such bondage, though they seem to bear it well, without suffering, not only in feeling, but in character, and sinking below the level to which happiness and intercourse with just and gentle natures would have raised them.

Considering what a power ill-temper is in the world,—what engines of discomfort are even its slighter exhibitions, what a misery its serious outbreaks, and yet how gingerly it has to be touched; how careful it behoves us to be against attributing it to those with whom we have close personal contact; how material to our interests to preserve our own composure by avoiding collisions; how indispensable it is in polite society to shut our eyes to it; how incumbent on us as Christians to be lenient where it cannot

be ignored, and to put favourable constructions, so long as they are possible,—it is no wonder that ill-temper plays a great part in abstract speculation, where our tongues and thoughts have fair play; and a still greater in works of imagination—in whatever exhibits the passions and emotions in action. It is in this field alone that the world can avenge itself on ill-humour, at once with charity and dignity. Not of course that we need this impersonal field for the expression of our opinion,—it exhales against the disturbers of our serenity at every safe opportunity: nothing is so interesting as the temper of our friends and acquaintance, nothing elicits and quickens our critical faculty so keenly. It is impossible for ordinary human nature to endure the caprices and injuries of ill-temper without some vent. No people get their deserts more surely, from some quarter or another, than the passionate or the peevish. But in discussing temper on the basis of immediate experience, some element of humiliation will qualify our tone of superiority. We have been subservient, it may be, on the purest motives of prudence or patience; but a thorough fit of ill-temper is always the head, and those subject to it the tail. In the delineation of temper all this is reversed. A culprit is arraigned before us and we are the calm, dispassionate judges—our experience merely a witness to the truth of the picture. We are in a different atmosphere altogether from the personal one. It is from no sense of personal wrongs, from no rough experiences, that the masterly painter of the humours and passions of mankind derives his knowledge of their workings. All great artists in this field are observers rather than actors. It is not their own sufferings which inspire them, or the sufferings must be at least remote, and only severe enough to assist imagination in its perception. It is sympathy, not experience. The man sitting down under the immediate pressure of indignation to describe a passion would make rude work of it, and omit all the delicate touches. We should not know who was right and who wrong; there would be a demand for the other side of the story. The best painters of human nature in this line at least, have, as far as their biographies are to be trusted, had easy tempers, subjected to no harsh trials. Under their handling we are let into the mechanism of ill-temper,—its weak side. It is a power while we are subject to it; when we see

it depicted we see it a weakness and flaw. The giant before whom the reader has trembled now makes him sport; the fretfulness which has vexed his soul now affords him an exquisite diversion. It is an exposure; but if we once suspected in the author any spirit of revenge, any indulgence of a grudge, the truth of the picture would fall under suspicion. We doubt if any one can properly appreciate the shades of imperfect ungoverned temper rendered by a fine hand, without time for experience. What seems fancy to the young reader grows into truth as his knowledge of men enlarges. Not, as we say, that the picture is a portrait — no mere reproduction stands well in a work of art — but he recognizes an artist sure of his ground: given a certain temper, circumstances would produce such and such evidences of it.

In touching upon the varieties of imperfect temper we must, then, seek our illustrations mainly from the pages of fiction. That of real life is obviously closed to us, except as we read it in irresponsible gossiping anecdote or biography. And here a double reason prevents our finding much to our purpose. The biographer is unwilling to lower his subject in the eyes of his reader, and a passion set down in black and white has generally this consequence; and if he seeks to be true to the utmost, the materials for such truth are so evanescent that after a few years he may indeed know and therefore tell us that his subject was of a stormy or peevish temperament — this may still be notorious — but all the proofs of it may have vanished out of the world. Boswell, whose observation of human nature almost amounted to genius, gives Johnson in a passion with fine effect; but even he only succeeds by an instant record, and the self-sacrifice of a superhuman candour.

Johnson had that strong sense of personality which belongs to irritable temper. He would fly out on abstract questions, because he could not see anything without self-reference. "I can love all mankind," said he, "except an American;" — here was a relation established, and then "his inflammable corruption bursting into horrid fire, he called them rascals, robbers, pirates;" and on Miss Seward putting in a word of mild reproof, "he roared out another tremendous volley which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic." No caricature of comedy represents passion in more lively uncontrol than in the scene

where his shortsightedness is alluded to. He and Dr. Percy were discussing Pennant on Scotch scenery.

Johnson. I think he describes very well.

Percy. I travelled after him.

Johnson. And I travelled after him.

Percy. But, my good friend, you are shortsighted, and do not see so well as I do.

I wondered at Dr. Percy venturing thus. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time, but inflammable particles were collecting for a cloud to burst. In a while Dr. Percy said something more in disparagement of Pennant.

Johnson. This is the resentment of a narrow mind, because he did not find everything in Northumberland.

Percy (feeling the stroke). Sir, you may be as rude as you please.

Johnson. Hold, sir! Don't talk of rudeness; remember, sir, you told me (*puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent*) I was shortsighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please.

Percy. Upon my honour, sir, I did not mean to be uncivil.

Johnson. I cannot say so, sir; for I did mean to be uncivil, thinking you had been uncivil.

We must give the sequel, as illustrating a temper placable as well as soon angry.

Dr. Percy rose, ran up to him, and taking him by the hand, assured him affectionately that his meaning had been misunderstood. Upon which a reconciliation instantly took place.

Johnson. My dear sir, I am willing you shall hang Pennant.

Petulant anger is so far ungenerous that it naturally wrecks itself on the safest object. Boswell not being easily offended was not seldom a victim. Once he ventured to interpose a word for the Americans, and to regret his friend's prejudice. Johnson said nothing, but the cloud was charged with sulphurous vapour which was afterwards to burst in thunder; for presently the conversation turning on a gentleman who was running out his fortune in London, Boswell said: —

We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.

Johnson. Nay, sir, we'll send *you* to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.

This was a terrible shock for which there was no visible cause. I afterwards asked him why he had said so harsh a thing.

Johnson. Because, sir, you made me angry about the Americans.

Boswell. But why did you not take your revenge directly?

Johnson (smiling). Because, sir, I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike till he has his weapons.

This was a candid and pleasant confession.

Dr. Johnson is also an example of that quality conspicuous in "temper"—a lively sense of what is due to self. The petulant person constantly says and does disagreeable things, because he owes it to himself to take notice of certain failures of such duty in others. Beauclerc once sure of his ground ended a dispute with the hazardous remark, "This is what you don't know, and I do." Johnson owed it to himself—in the presence of strangers—to have the last word: so—

After some minutes, during which dinner and the glass went on cheerfully, he suddenly asks Mr. Beauclerc, "How came you to talk so petulantly to me, 'This is what you don't know, but what I know'? One thing I know which you don't seem to know, that you are very uncivil." And one Hackman's violent temper coming on the *tapis* he improves the occasion: "It was his duty to *command* his temper as my friend Mr. Beauclerc should have commanded his some time ago."

Beauclerc. I should learn of you, sir.

Johnson. Sir, you have given me opportunities of learning when I have been in *your* company.

A temper indulged seldom confines itself to one mode. All the terms—Petulant, Angry, Peevish, Fretful, Impetuous, Irritable, are applied to Johnson's "unhappy temper." Gigantic in everything, his temper was of the same mould. It is no slight testimony to his character and genius, to his innate kindness of nature, that, being what it was, he does not live in men's minds associated with that one idea—that we can regard his temper as an accident, the effect of disease, not as the man himself; and a still greater testimony to the worth of his heart that he could keep his friends and yet treat them in the way he did when the fit was on him. For with more ordinary friendships it is as Cowper writes, —

A fretful temper will divide

The closest knot that may be tied,

By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;

A temper passionate and fierce

May suddenly your joys disperse

At one immense explosion.

The obvious tendency of temper is to alienate. The pain inflicted by its stings and outrages, however we may nerve ourselves to bear it, by degrees possesses the feelings and imagination to the exclusion of all other considerations. Our

judgment appreciates the counterbalancing excellencies; but the person whose frequent mood it is to give pain—and it is the one object of all manifestations of temper to do so—separates himself from our sympathies, when he has done it once too often, by a gap not easily bridged over.

Temper in some people does not need a personal object for its indulgence; and in this case, though we don't like him the better for it, we put up with the annoyance in a more tolerant spirit. The grumbler is of this type, who can't be put out of his way without making others uncomfortable, but does not make this his first object. The times, as they affect him, are out of joint, and he must have his fling at them. Miss Austen, whose forte is delicate touches, depicts this temper most felicitously in John Knightly, Emma's brother-in-law—clever, domestic, respectable, not so often unreasonably cross as to deserve the reproach of being ill-tempered, but capable of being sometimes out of humour, and "whose feelings must always be of great importance to his companions." These feelings were injured by having to go to a dinner-party one winter's day. His temper exhales in general principles, in a strain very familiar to many of us:—

A man must have a very good opinion of himself when he asks people to leave their own fireside and encounter such a day as this, for the sake of coming to see him. He must think himself a most agreeable fellow. I could not do such a thing. It is the greatest absurdity—actually snowing at this moment! The folly of not allowing people to be comfortable at home; and the folly of people's not staying at home comfortably when they can! If we were obliged to go out such an evening as this, by any call of duty or business, what a hardship we should deem it;—and here we are, probably with rather thinner clothing than usual, setting forward voluntarily, without excuse, in defiance of the voice of nature, which tells man, in everything given to his view or his feelings, to stay at home himself and keep all under shelter that he can;—here are we setting forward to spend five dull hours in another man's house, with nothing to say or hear that was not said and heard yesterday, and may not be said and heard again to-morrow. Going in dismal weather, to return probably in worse. Four horses and four servants taken out for nothing but to convey five idle, shivering creatures into colder rooms and worse company than they might have had at home.

But grumbling indulged, rarely ends without the craving for revenge on some-

thing more tangible than society. By the end of the evening this eloquent and reasoning grumbler finds a victim in poor helpless, nervous Mr. Woodhouse, whose temperament is too familiar to the reader for further definition. "This will prove a spirited beginning for your winter engagements, sir," he cries in inhuman banter. "I admired your resolution very much in venturing out on such weather, for of course you saw there would be snow very soon. I admired your spirit; and I daresay we shall get home very well. We are two carriages; if *one* is blown over in the bleak part of the common field, there will be the other at hand. I daresay we shall be safe at home before midnight." Grumblers, as a rule, do not need any other form of sympathy than respectful attention. They do not care to wake the spirit in others. In this they differ from the fretful temperament, which desires to irritate, and resents passive meekness. Lisbeth in "Adam Bede," "at once patient and complaining, self-renouncing and exacting," whose wail was to Adam the most irritating of all sounds, resents in her son Seth the immovable sweetness of his temper. "Thee was always like a bag o' meal that can ne'er be bruised." She longed for something to fret against, to hurt in its resistance, to provoke to response in kind; therefore she loved Adam best, who would give a sharp answer, and illustrate the author's observation that "we are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than the women that love us. Is it that the brutes are dumb?" and yet fretfulness is timid and cowardly, and presumes on tolerance and forbearance. Perhaps all active forms of temper that exercise themselves in devising provocations act on the expectation of an answer in kind—they wish to irritate, not merely to crush into trembling subservience. The sullen temper can nourish itself in silence—waiting to be roused. There is a sort of temper that barks out its ill-humour, and vents itself after fits of moody silence in short sharp insults and injuries, relapsing into sullenness again. We should call this the least enjoyable ill-temper to its possessor, except that Charles Lamb has recorded the pleasures of a sulky fit in a way to touch every one's conscience. Sullenness is the familiar demon that has spoiled many a seeming prosperity. Self-love and morosity, says the ancient moralist, together with luxury and effeminacy, breed *long fits* of anger, which gather in the soul like a swarm of wasps. In its

passive state, on the defensive, it is well rendered in the play. Sullen, after being tipsy overnight, enters on the scene.

Sullen. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. Sullen. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? It may do your head good.

Sullen. No.

Dorinda. Coffee, brother?

Sullen. Pshaw!

Mrs. Sullen. Will you please to dress and go to church with me? The air may help you.

Sullen. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir?

Sullen. What day of the week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sullen. Sunday! bring me a dram; and, d'y'e hear, set out the venison pasty and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table: I'll go to breakfast.

Dorinda. Stay, stay, brother! you shan't go off so; you were very naughty last night, and must make your wife reparation. Come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sullen. For what?

Dorinda. For being drunk last night.

Sullen. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sullen. But I can't, sir.

Sullen. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sullen. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sullen. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sullen. What is the reason, sir, that you treat me thus inhumanly?

Sullen. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir?

Sullen. Get things ready to shave my head.

[Exit.]

This, we suspect, is the only temper which has no attractions to the female bosom,—it is chronic and independent of provocations. It rouses to the highest pitch the temper exposed to it, but in its turn is like Lisbeth's bag of meal, when the weaker impetuous spirit hurls itself against it. More than its match in brutality, Mr. Anthony Trollope has drawn a *violent* temper, which he represents as exercising a fascination on woman. The readers of his excellent novel, "Can you Forgive Her?"—than which fiction possesses few tales more readable—will recall George Vavasor, who has power to make his heroine jilt her respectable lover, through the mere instrumentality of selfishness and ill-temper, a temper that paints itself on a huge cicatrice on his cheek, turning it red like a newly cut gash whenever passion is roused. The character is energetically drawn, and would be powerful and tragic but for a certain sense of amusement evident in the genial author at his own ogre-like creation. The

secret satisfaction Vavasor finds in making calculations how to commit murder without detection, are no doubt natural; but when the City refused to discount Alice's paper, and he makes his calculations about murdering it—"Could not a river of strychnine be turned on round the Exchange about luncheon-time?" we see Mr. Trollope's imagination revolts from horrors, and takes refuge in the burlesque, carrying the reader with him, who in the midst of a terrible string of curses, finds himself recalling the provincial lady's report of her sporting friend who had been out *cursing* all the morning. And true enough, violent temper *is* ridiculous, only its terrors will not allow those who suffer from it to see and relish its real grotesqueness. It is when we survey it, caged, through the secure bars of print, with some master student of the profession for showman, that we can appreciate its absurd side. Shakespeare's old Duke of York bawling for his boots is amusing to the reader, but terrible to his old Duchess and the son he resolves to denounce. Even Lear's passion, the grandest and most eloquent that man has painted, creates a smile as with growing rage he reverts to the indignity put on his follower—"But who put my man i' the stocks?" But it is not only the impotence of anger which strikes the mere observer with patronizing amusement. He must be a dull fellow indeed who has not something clever to say when in a passion. If a man has any wit in him, perfect unrestraint brings it out; hence comedy and farce depend much upon temper for their liveliest scenes. Passion makes a man unaffected. Nobody is more himself than when he loses himself. Sheridan makes all his people too witty for nature; but we acknowledge our kindred with Sir Anthony in a rage rather than with Acres in cool blood: his new system of oaths is beyond us, but we can at least recall occasions when we felt it easy to speak our minds, when passion gave us the feeling of something more like eloquence than we had known before, and a vocabulary became ours that in our passive moments we have sought after in vain. How readily his periods flow, how expansive his ideas!—"Take care: the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! but mark, I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if then you agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why, I may in time forgive you—if not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare

to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me, but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest; I'll disown you. I'll disinherit you, and hang me if I ever call you Jack again!" Nor need we consider his reference to sun and atmosphere as beyond the stretch of our imagination, if the rage be but high enough pitched. This earth seems a little spot to a man in a passion; he inevitably looks below or beyond it. "Nothing," writes Sydney Smith, "can exceed the fury of the Whigs (on being thrown out); they mean not only to change everything upon the earth, but to alter the tides, to suspend the principles of gravitation and vegetation, and to tear down the solar system."

But we have wandered into the heroics of our subject, where our experience has to strengthen itself with borrowed knowledge. Let us return to the domestic home-fireside view—to the exhibitions of temper that tease or fret without making *us* altogether miserable, or those who allow themselves in ill-humour monsters. Take, for example, the carping temper—the fretfulness that wears itself and those about it, yet never grows into passion, or loses self-control beyond its first stage; the dislike to acquiescence in anything, the desire to assert itself and to be prominent. There are good people even, who will make great sacrifices for others, but whose temper renders them enemies to comfort, or what is the same thing, to any comfort they have not a hand in. The eye wanders in search of a grievance or an objection, an inner splenetic humour forbids repose and ruffles the general atmosphere. This is the melancholy form. There is a sprightly habit of carping quite as irritating, and producing a wider disturbance. A thoroughly irritable temper is consistent with self-control. The wise man afflicted with it knows he cannot trust himself and is on his guard. But there is a half-control which rushes into the arena of dispute, safe never to transgress conventional civility, but keeping others on thorns, expecting that the threatening storm will surely burst over them. Husbands and wives sometimes treat their friends to scenes of altercation which just stop short of quarrel, like Mr. Hotspur and his lady in the "Spectator," who in a room full of friends are ever saying something smart to each other, and that but just within rules, so

that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety and suspense for fear of their falling into extremities. The complainant in this case can only wish they hated each other a little more seriously. "If they would only be so discreet as to hate from the very bottom of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for gibes every moment." It is a wonder that affection can stand the wear of two such tempers in collision. They think it does; but that is questionable love which likes to make its object feel in the wrong, and having the worst of things, though but in an argument or a question of fact.

It is not quite certain that a habit of contradiction as such comes under the description of ill-temper. It is ingrained in some natures, and independent of provocation. Now we generally regard temper in its relation to others, as we excite its outbursts and experience its inconveniences. But contradiction, though it is a permanent feature, and indulged smiling and in cold blood, is akin to temper in the marked feature of being blind to reason, and therefore needing management and *finesse* in those exposed to it. We have to circumvent it by concealing our bias or the force of our opinion, recognizing an inability to agree with others,—an imperious necessity to take the opposite side, such as led Thomas Sudden to stay behind in Westminster Hall when the shake in the roof happened, because the counsel on the other side asserted it was coming down.

We feel disposed to think that women have improved in the matter of commanding their tempers since the great essayist's time. The tempers that used to explode have trained themselves into decency. The sight of a woman of birth and fashion in a downright passion must at one time have been a common one, or the sex was much maligned by poets and moralists. There must have been some ground in fact for the scene given with so much spirit by Tom Megget, the bachelor friend of henpecked Mr. Freeman, when, upon his admonitions, the pretty wife's softness turned so suddenly into rage, and "she threw the scalding teakettle on your humble servant," from thence flying at her husband's periwig—no doubt a very tempting and suggestive object of attack. The arguments used, though irritating to the person immediately addressed, were very likely to prove dissuatives with fair readers, if any were really disposed to such excesses. "Look

you, madame," cries the exasperating Tom, "I have nothing to say in this matter; but you ought to consider you are now past a chicken. This humour, which was well enough in a girl, is insufferable in a woman of your motherly character." Well enough in a *girl*! this explains a good deal. All contemporary literature shows us girls of fifteen in society and encouraged in every childish caprice. Called fifteen, at any rate, by their adorers. It is these whom grave Clarissa seems to warn in her fine encomium on good-humour—

What then remains, but well our powers to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
And, trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail
When airs and flights and screams and scoldings fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

It must have been an affair of nicety to know when to stop flying into a frenzy. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, in describing Queen Caroline at her trial, certainly does not restrict the period unduly, when she decides that no woman after fifty looks the better for being in a passion. Ungovernable tempers are probably rarer than they used to be in both sexes. For one thing, servants won't put up with what they once did, when kicks and *coups de baton* were atoned for by a pistole or half-a-crown, and when we read of passionate masters whose servants used to throw themselves in their way for the sake of the liberal compensation sure to follow. But not only is the spirit of the servant-class elevated, but fidelity is not the same virtue. There was something in having a master that *was* a master, and knew how to show it, when service was undertaken for life; and room for natural pride in understanding his humours, and knowing how to manage them, and so to protect him from less indulgent scrutiny. When Miss Bremer's fine character "Ma Chère Mère" is supposed to be dying, and her devoted maid Elsa is advised to console herself by the thought of her beloved mistress in heaven,— "But what shall I do without her?" is the reply; "and then she must have somebody in heaven to wait upon her, and be at her hand night and day." "She will be with the angels then, Elsa." "Ah, dear madam! they could not conform to her temper as I can. They have not lived with her forty years."

People complain of the growing independence of servants; but, however trying to the housekeeper, it has its moral use. Our present relation with our domestics is a training of temper which the world has wanted till the nineteenth century. Such tempers as Squire Western's, for instance, could hardly grow into what they were without dependents to kick and cuff at will from childhood upwards. Most furious tempers are what they are from having had their sway unchecked from the first—an unresisting somebody to bully. Servants, to judge from books and records, used to be the natural objects for such amenities; but now the most irritable of masters or mistresses, whomsoever else they fly out upon, learn to keep a civil tongue in their head towards the "tolerable" cook they would be at their wits' end to replace.

Another training is to be found in games and social amusements, which are growing more and more into a business of life. We give, many of us, a preposterous amount of time to sport; but being an occupation, not simply a relaxation, it has to be made a business of, and subjected to stringent rules. To fail, and lose with a good grace, is a discipline people must learn, old or young, boys or girls, when they are playing every day and all day long. For a girl to be put out at croquet is the worst breeding; and we doubt if such a schoolboy as Howley must have been would now allow himself the loser's satisfaction recorded by his adversary in the "Singleton Letters." "I was," writes Sydney Smith, "at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with a chessboard for checkmating him, and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life." It is where life is hard work and play is an eagerly-snatched recreation, that the temper is off its guard and irritation shows itself. It seems so hard that the rare holiday should be spoilt—hence Uncle Kimble, who was tolerant and cheerful let what would betide in business-hours, became intense and bitter over cards, quarrelled over the odd trick, "shuffling before his adversary's deal with a glare of suspicion, and turning up a mean trump-card with an air of inexpressible disgust, as if in a world where such things could happen one might as well enter on a course of reckless profligacy."

Few men have sweet tempers, or hold

such as they possess under steady, inviolable control, though there are men who, without this sweetness of nature, however much tried, never seem to lose their self-command. No public man can get on long who has not his temper well in hand; but with the same amount of inflammable particles, men differ very much on the occasions that set fire to them. Some people who are all composure when we might reasonably expect and justly excuse an explosion, will break down into peevishness or passing frenzy on slight provocations. We have known men, quite remarkable for a well-bred serenity, be unreasonably and childishly testy at some transient annoyance of a sort they are not used to. Highly sensitive organizations and intellects kept on the stretch are always irritable. De Quincey, who has no heroes, says that Wordsworth, with all his philosophy, had fits of ill-temper, though the unexampled sweetness of his wife's temper made it impossible to quarrel with her. Nor does the field in which temper exercises itself make much difference. A divine defending his favourite views is as peevy as any layman; while he flushes, and his eye gleams and scintillates with less consciousness of the spirit that rouses the glare, than the disputant in secular matters—the distinction between zeal and temper being more easily drawn by his opponent or observer than by himself. How often we read of meetings between religious or philanthropic leaders, looked forward to as a great occasion by their followers, leaving only painful regrets, through some accidental spark falling upon the combustible element in the composition of one or both! The two great hymn-writers and good Christians, Newton and Toplady, met but once, and but for a few minutes, yet something passed—a trifling jest—which upset Toplady's equanimity, and made his parting words, we are told by the friendly bystander, not very courteous. There are times when men think they do well to be angry, and attribute their display of ill-temper to a holy impulse, while the observer sees only a common pet—exposing itself at the most unsuitable moment—at the failure of their efforts to attract and impress, perhaps to shine. The preacher is particularly subject to the temptation of an angry remonstrance uttered in this spirit. It must be hard to feel your best passages lost through the restlessness of school children or the infectious inattention of the singing gal-

lery; but it seldom answers to allow the chafed spirit its fling. If the interruption becomes unbearable—and in rustic or artisan congregations, where children predominate, it sometimes does so—it is better to seem at a loss for a fitting form of remonstrance, than to have it at the tongue's end. "You boys ain't still at all," said a much-trying curate; "not at all still, not still at all, you ain't." Much rather would we hear a rebuke in this plaintive, mild, hesitating key—forgetful of self and tender to human infirmities—than the most eloquent denunciation which seemed to confound the words of the preacher with the voice of the Spirit, and addressed the whisperer as a wilful hinderer of the Gospel message, or the clodhopping lout as the destroyer of souls, who but for the distraction caused by his boots might have been saved to all eternity. The parson may be in a passion without knowing it, but not without the congregation being quite alive to it, and the remembrance of a scene outliving every other effect of his discourse.

Thackeray has more than once dwelt on the advantages of a thoroughly bad temper, as securing the best of everything to its possessors, because the people about them know there will be no peace if they don't get it. Certainly a bad wilful temper does often seem favourable to health. The man who has been a Turk all his life lives long to plague all about him. But, on the other hand, the rich man's temper is often a sermon of content to his poorer neighbours. It is a false alchemy that turns his gold into stones. Would they have his money if his sourness and discontent must go along with it?

We may discuss temper with illustrations to advantage, if we do not look too near home for these illustrations, or expend our curiosity in vagrant mental inquiries among our neighbours. One thing is certain: those with whom we pass our lives had best not be subjects of too curious analysis. Nature throws a veil over loving eyes. Until affection is too sorely provoked, it is inexact at definitions, and calls ill-temper a *way*—an accident for which the owner is irresponsible—a physical weakness by which he is the greatest sufferer. When husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, call ill-temper by their right names, the charm of family life is over. But questions we had better not set our judgment to solve about others are very proper concerning ourselves. In fact,

the subject is very superficially gone into if we do not slip into personal applications by the way. Ill-temper is malignity while it lasts, and will show signs of its working. Do quarrels gather round us? Are we "fruitful hot water," living in a commotion? Are people *solicitous* to please us, as though it were not an easy matter to do so—vigilant to see how we take things, forward with apologies, anxious in civilities? Are we bent on giving pleasure *our* way, and vexed when people prefer their own? Do we lose our friends by an exceptional inconstancy on their part? Have we a large stock of grievances? Do we find a great many people irritable, unreasonable, disagreeable, and consider it due to ourselves to let them know our opinion? If conscience gives an affirmative answer, then we may be sure we have a temper that would come under some other denomination than sweet, or good, or even well regulated—a temper to be mended, a task to take in hand.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MISSING BILLS: AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

THE death, last autumn, of a distant relation of the writer, leaves him free to publish the curious facts which are noted below. He has known them long, and often wished that, in these days when phenomena which were formerly termed super-natural are submitted to scientific and patient investigation, instead of being superciliously dismissed or weakly shuddered at, they might receive the attention of persons qualified to weigh and utilize, or possibly to explain them. But the witnesses felt a great—it ought, perhaps, to be said, a morbid—objection to the discussion of the story outside the family circle, and thus it has been kept comparatively secret for more than half a century. Care was, however, taken to procure their written testimony, so that the narrative is supported by evidence as clear and positive as purely documentary evidence can be. The writer has frequently heard from the lips of the actors their accounts of what happened to them, and has no hesitation in putting forward what follows as entirely credible.

Mr. Ezekiel Burdon—locally known as Zeke Burdon—was one day seated in his counting-house in Sydney, New South

Wales. He had been looking over the office books, which told him a very satisfactory tale; and, after a little indulgence of elation at his success in life, he subsided into moralizing, and was trying to pick out some of the proofs that men's fortunes are the natural and legitimate consequences of their actions. And this was by no means an investigation to be simply and readily made. Mr. Burdon was now, and had been for many years, an honest, fair-dealing, liberal man, as men went; nay, he was generous. But this had not always been his character. The circumstances connected long ago with his coming to New South Wales were not such as, according to the rules of poetical justice, would have insured prosperity. But prosperity had come, and glad as he was of her presence, he would have been glad also to justify it by the discovery of some conspicuous desert of his own. Sometimes he would think of the patriarch Joseph, and say to himself that possibly he, Ezekiel Burdon, had been allowed to fall into error chiefly as a means of bringing him to wealth and ease; that he had been sold to be a bond-servant, not principally for any moral obliquity in himself, but in order that good might be done to him at the latter end. If only (he was thinking now) he had gone along in the humdrum way, as his pastors and masters would have had him, what a different lot his would have been! He would for a certainty have married Jessie Manders; they would, in respectable poverty—or, more likely, penury—have dragged up a destitute, uneducated family, and, worn out by want and care, have died or gone to the workhouse in middle age. But it had been ordained that Jessie should give him up and should marry comparatively well. She had been induced to discard him by the only cause which could have been effectual—namely, by the knowledge that he had disgraced himself: and she had afterwards married a well-to-do man, with whom she lived happily, who prospered in his calling, and who was a good husband and father. Ezekiel himself had, by force of circumstances, been guided unexpectedly, and by leading which was still hardly intelligible, to wealth and consideration. He had married well as far as his wife and her means were concerned—it was absurd to inquire closely about people's connections and antecedents out there,—he had been happy in his short married life, in his children and in his business; and now, long a wid-

ower, but hearty and healthy, he was facing life's down-hills with complacency. Though these facts were so, they were not reflected on by Zeke Burdon in a cynical, dare-devil spirit; he did not in his heart of hearts say that religion and morality were names wherewith to amuse children and drivellers, and that the wise were they only who had the courage to set both at defiance; he saw plainly how, if things had taken a different and more usual turn at a point where he was wholly unable to influence them, his fate would have been most miserable; he would have preferred to discover some relation between his desert and his lot; he was a puzzle to himself.

But when a man's own prosperity constitutes the puzzle, his mind can exercise itself thereon patiently enough; it is when things have gone crossly that he feels the wear and tear of working out the problem. And so, although Mr. Burdon never entirely saw how his fortunes harmonized with the eternal fitness of things, he did not tire of the subject, but would return to it again and again, whenever he might be disposed to contemplation. He was thinking over how the twelve months last past had been the most fortunate year that he had ever known, and wondering how it was that things prospered with him as they did, when he was aroused from his reverie by the opening of the door. A very pretty but very delicate-looking young woman stood on the threshold, apparently hesitating about advancing farther.

"Oh, Probity, is that you? Come in, my child. Is anything the matter?"

"No, father—nothing is the matter; but I thought—I thought, I should like to speak with you."

"Speak with me? Well, come and talk away then, Probity; but we generally manage our little businesses in the house. What is it—a bonnet?"

"Nothing of that kind, father; and that is why I have come into the office to talk to you. It's something about business."

"Business, eh, you little puss? Why, what can you possibly have to say about business? Well, come then, let's have it."

Probity had seated herself by the time this was said. The excitement of going to her father at his desk, and of having to say to him something which she would rather not have been forced to say, evidently distressed her; her breathing was very agitated, and her colour came and

went. Ezekiel looked tenderly at her, and was conscious of a painful sensation at some association of ideas which he did not then pause to ascertain; for Probity, who wished to get her errand told, began to speak.

"Father," she said, "I heard you say this morning that you would send his money home to Robert Lathom when Mr. Waddington goes in the Kangaroo. Now the Kangaroo is a very slow vessel, as is well known. She may not get to England for many months, and in the mean time the young man may be much straitened for want of the money. There is a packet to sail to-morrow. Wouldn't it be possible to send his money by that?"

"Why, what the deuce," said Zeke Burdon, with some astonishment, but not unkindly—"what have you to do with young men and their money, and the packets, and all that; eh, Miss?"

"Only that, as I know it never makes any difference to *you* having to wait a little longer or shorter for your money, I feared you might forget that it isn't the same with Robert; and that by making him wait for Mr. Waddington, you might cause him inconvenience or loss."

"Well, that is not badly thought on, lass. Your little head has been more thoughtful than the old man's in this. We ought not to wait, and we won't. But look ye, Probity, we don't commonly send money home in coin. There's a better way than that. I shall draw bills on some English merchant who will give Lathom money for them; and to make the risk as small as possible, I can send duplicates, or even triplicates, by later ships, so that if a mischance should befall the first copy, it will be hard if the second or third does not turn up. However, what you say about delay is all right. I think I will send first copies by to-morrow's mail; Mr. Waddington may take the second; and, by the time he is ready, we shall find some means of sending the third. That will do; won't it?"

"Yes, thank you, father; I'm glad now that I spoke," said Probity, breathing freely again.

"Robert Lathom," observed Ezekiel, "is a good, industrious young man, but I have some suspicion that he employed himself in other things besides farming and commerce while he was here. What has the lad been saying to you, Probity?"

Again Probity showed signs of agitation, and again her colour came and went. Burdon realized now why it was that her

look made him feel a pang. It was the same look which her mother's face wore long years ago; and her mother never again made a return towards health or strength after he first observed that look. The girl made some confused remark in answer to her father's question, of which he did not take particular heed. He was shocked by the thought just presented to his mind of Probity's health giving way, and thinking that a change of climate and scene might possibly restore her.

"I would," said he, "that Robert Lathom, or some equally respectable young man, would come and take you to the old country, where you might learn to look stout and saucy again. I don't half like these puny looks, and these pantings all about nothing at all. I can never go to England again, and I don't know that there's anybody there extremely anxious to receive any member of my family; but if now you could go home with a husband of your own (which means with another name, you know), that would be an excellent arrangement."

These words were not altogether unpleasant to Probity's ear, but they were rather plainer than she liked to listen to; so she beat a retreat from her father's presence, leaving that old gentleman rather less serene than she had found him. He repeated, as she went out, that the bills should be seen to at once, and said very reassuringly that there was nobody living whom he would more heartily welcome to his hearth than Robert Lathom, if ever he should come back again. And if words could have put life into the girl, these words would have done it, for she knew that Lathom meditated a return to Sydney some day when he should have thriven a little, and she had doubted till now as to the reception that he might meet with. If it was a relief to know that her father would not frown on Robert, that relief only intensified another affliction. Probity knew better than her father, and had been conscious for some time, that health and strength were deserting her. Her bitter thought now was that when Robert should return, as he surely would, she might be in her grave.

As soon as his daughter had left the office, Mr. Burdon set about preparing the bills. He then wrote three copies of a letter to Mr. Lathom, and ordered that letters of advice in triplicate should be written to the firms on whom he had drawn his bills. When this was done his clerk was ordered to put up the three sets of despatches ready for transmission;

and the clerk in a short time produced three packets with a strong family likeness, each of them addressed, of course, to Mr. Robert Lathom, and each having in the left-hand lower corner the words *By favour of*, then a blank, and then, *Esg.* The cause of this last indorsement was that Ezekiel, for some reason or other—probably some prejudice of his early days—had a dislike to, and distrust of, the mail-bags: where he possibly could do so, he sent his letters by private hands. So his envelopes were always prepared for that mode of transmission. Now an acquaintance of his named Müller was about to proceed to England by the mail, *en route* to Frankfort, where his friends resided; and Mr. Burdon hoped that he would take charge of a letter, and post it in England before proceeding to the Continent. Müller did take charge of one copy: and Mr. Waddington, when he a week or two after sailed in the Kangaroo, took with him the duplicates, and promised Probity that on his arrival he would himself write to Lathom, with a view of ascertaining whether the bills had reached him by packet, and that the remittance was soon enough for his requirements. The young girl was evidently much troubled in mind about the transmission of this money; and her father, after wondering much why she fretted so, concluded that some passing fear or fancy had presented itself to her mind, and in her present low condition she had not strength to banish it. He therefore, with the hope of comforting her, would frequently calculate the progress which the packet and the Kangaroo must have made, and the probable date of the arrival of each, showing that the latter ship even must reach England before Lathom could be in need of more money. And it was one of these kind computations and assurances which one day drew from Probity the confession that she had had a dream which had greatly impressed her and raised this alarm. She said that she fancied she had made a long passage through the air to some house where she saw Robert sorely troubled and in danger, but that she could not get near him to ask the cause of his grief, and that she was consequently in great agony, when an old man with a white beard appeared to her, and in foreign accents told her that Robert's distress was caused by his having been disappointed of expected remittances of money, but that she could help him by plunging into the sea, and bringing him money from thence. She descended into

the waters accordingly, and as she did so, awoke with a cold shudder. She saw Robert in the dream as plainly as she ever saw him in her life: the face and voice of the old man with the beard haunted her still, he was so life-like; she was sure that something terrible had happened or was about to happen to Robert, for the dream was not like ordinary dreams. Zeke Burdon did all he could to combat this imagination, but he confessed that the awe which had overcome his daughter in some sort affected him also, strong old fellow as he was, and that he looked quite nervously to the time when he should get advice of the packet having arrived safely in England. That packet never did reach England, but the Kangaroo did: it will be best, however, that before the circumstances of her arrival are mentioned, a few words should be said about Robert Lathom, who has been so often named.

Robert Lathom, then, was no other than a son of that very Jessie Manders whom Zeke Burdon remembered as his old sweetheart. Her feelings had been cruelly wrung when Ezekiel's good name was forfeited. In misfortune, in sickness, even in death she would not have turned from him to another; but in his disgrace she had shown a spirit, and said she wished never to hear his name again. Not long after Zeke had gone abroad she married a young surgeon of the name of Lathom, making a match which all her peers considered a very exalted one, but which brought its troubles nevertheless, for her husband had some difficulty in struggling into practice. Their whole history, however, we are not concerned with, but only so much of it as relates to the sending of Robert, their second son, to New South Wales,—and this is the way in which that measure came about. Mr. Lathom, who for many years practised his profession in Liverpool, was one evening called to attend an eccentric old man, a German Jew, who, though suffering from a violent attack of illness, had made no move toward summoning assistance, until an acquaintance, having accidentally discovered his condition, brought the surgeon to his bedside. The patient seemed poverty-stricken and almost friendless; but he managed somehow to rouse the benevolence of Lathom's nature, who not only carefully prescribed for him, but furnished him with a nurse, and many comforts which he required. When the old man recovered, Lathom refused all compensation, and persisted in doing so after

the Jew assured him that he was not so poor as he appeared to be.

"All the same, I shall pay," said the Jew, "you zee."

And somehow or other he did pay very well, for he sent Lathom notices from time to time of some excellent means of employing money, and though the latter had not much to invest, the little that he had was very profitably placed. It was not, however, until Lathom had moved to a practice in Cheshire, and his family had grown up, that he began to feel how thoroughly the Jew was keeping his word about paying him. His eldest son was to follow his own profession, but for his "zecond zon, Robert," the Jew proposed emigration to New Holland, where, he said, he had relations and friends who would put him in the way of making a fortune.

A voyage to New Holland was a serious business in those days, and, as a matter of course, both Lathom and his wife hesitated before giving consent to their son's going to the other side of the world. Behrens, however (that was the Jew's name), put the whole arrangement so plainly before them, disposing of all difficulties, and setting forth the advantages of the plan, that the parents gave way, and Robert, who had always liked the thoughts of the adventure, was duly despatched to the antipodes.

"He shall be reesh man, I bromise," said Behrens.

"Well, I daresay he may," answered Lathom; "but of course he must abide his fortune as well as another."

"No, he is zure; I have bromised," repeated the Jew.

"As far as you can help him, I feel that he *is* sure," answered the father. "Don't imagine that I doubt your goodwill. I have had too many proofs of it for that."

"Well, believe what I tell you; he will brosher. I know it for zertain."

"How can you know it?" asked Lathom, smiling; "can you see into futurity?"

"Zertainly I can," answered Behrens, with the utmost coolness. "How does any one read the zecrets of the future, and know what iz to be?"

And the old fellow stroked his white beard and looked at Lathom as if he would look through him. Beards were far less common in those days than they are now, and the surgeon felt a thrill, as if a magician were exercising his art upon him. It did, however, certainly happen

that things went well with Robert Lathom. He made a quick and pleasant voyage out, and was received with much kindness by the Messrs Müller, the relatives to whom Behrens had consigned him. (It was one of this firm who sailed in the packet, as has been said.) His employment was partly pastoral and partly mercantile, a combination not likely to be found except in a community of early settlers; it yielded him a good maintenance, with the promise of more than a maintenance before long. This, however, was but the beginning of success. After he had made some acquaintance with his profession, business threw him into the way of Zeke Burdon, one of the leading men of the colony, who, knowing the name which his lost Jessie now bore, soon made out that this was her son.

Thereupon the favour of Ezekiel was extended to Robert Lathom, and brought in its train the favour of many another colonist. The encouragement which the young man enjoyed could not be exceeded, and he showed himself to be entirely worthy of it, for he improved all his opportunities, worked hard, and became noted as very able and likely to grow wealthy. It need scarcely be added that his relations with Burdon led to the affection between him and Burdon's daughter which has been more than hinted at in the course of the story. It existed for many months before Robert went home again, and was, indeed, to a great extent, the cause of his leaving, but it was a matter about which very little had been said. Probity, who was a sort of princess out there, could hardly without presumption, or with a chance of success, be sought by a young adventurer lately come out to try his fortune (for Lathom knew nothing of Ezekiel's former acquaintance with his mother): and both Probity and Robert, though their strongest wish was to live for one another *somewhere*, thought they would prefer that that somewhere should not be in New South Wales. Now Mr. Burdon, although he did not know how things stood between the young people, had not overlooked the possibility of this attractive pair becoming attached. Callous and placid as he for the most part was, nature had thought proper to interweave with the tough fibre one silken thread of romance. The idea of Jessie's son and his daughter being united was not altogether unpleasant to him, and he often and often turned the matter in his mind when he indulged himself with a reverie.

But he, too, would have preferred that Probity should settle in England; he thought that Robert should acquire both experience and property before trying matrimony, and he desired that the lovers — if indeed they were lovers — should be parted for a season. "If," thought Zeke to himself, "he is fond enough of the girl, he will come for her when he is able to keep her; if not, it may be as well to separate them before she becomes too deeply attached. True, the separation may be the means of putting an end to a fancy which would otherwise ripen into love. What if it be? There is no great scheme sacrificed nor great opportunity lost; time shall settle it." And so Zeke set himself to realizing a plan which had long been sketched in his mind. He would establish at home a correspondent and agent who, though he should be in business on his own account, should nevertheless trade principally if not solely with New South Wales, and should by his knowledge both of the colonial and the home markets, greatly assist the business at both ends, and produce a reciprocity of advantages. And thus it was that Robert found himself bound once more for England, to be settled at Liverpool, his father's old place of residence, indeed his own birth-place. The latter meetings and the last parting of the lovers were tender and sad in the extreme, but they both saw in this arrangement a way to the hitherto unhopèd-for fulfilment of their dearest wishes. Each felt sure of the other's constancy, and so, full of hope in their direst distress, they separated; and Lathom, when he could collect his thoughts, found himself on the bosom of the great Pacific, the waves gently smiting the good ship's sides, and New Holland only a dark line on the horizon.

The voyage was prosperous, as most things had been with the young man. He reached Liverpool in due time, and found (what he did not expect) a house ready to receive him there; for the Jew, who had heard of his movements, had written to tell his father that he was going to the Continent for some time, it might be for several years, and while he was absent Robert might reside in his house, and have the use of all that it contained at a very low rent. This offer had been accepted; his father had added to Behrens's *suppeller* what was wanted to make the place comfortable for a single man; and so, when Robert landed, he found that, instead of having to spend

his time in looking out for a residence, he was able to stay a week with his parents. This visit over, he took to his business in good earnest, and did in no sort disappoint the good opinion which old Burdon had formed of him. Shrewd, diligent, and devoted, he soon found that he could give a great fillip to Zeke Burdon's business, and at the same time set himself trading in a modest but profitable way. After he became a little intimate with men of his own age, his friends used to joke him about his house, which they called a wizard's den. It was a one-storied building, standing a little way out of town; and they declared that while old Behrens lived there, it was noted for the most unearthly sights and sounds, so that few cared to go near it after dark, and that the popular belief was that ghosts and devils revelled there all night. The old fellow, they said, was quite proud of being thought a magician, and preferred to act in a mysterious manner, so as to give the appearance of supernatural intervention; and they told some stories which certainly seemed to prove that he could find out and do things in a strange way, and that he would be at pains to make it appear that he worked by some unearthly power. These gibes and reflections on his house might have made Robert uncomfortable if he had heard them in the early days of his habitation; but as he had been some time in occupation, and had never been disturbed when they first came to his ears, he only laughed and said he wondered how people could utter or listen to such nonsense. His perfect composure, and the fresh look with which he came to business in the morning — not a characteristic of all his acquaintances — soon stopped the jesting on this subject.

And so things went on as prosperously as could be desired. More than eighteen months had passed away since his return to Liverpool — months which he scored off on the calendar one after another with the utmost complacency, — for did not the lapse of them bring nearer and nearer his reunion with his beloved Probity! But none of us can live in unvarying sunshine. Young Lathom, after being some time at home, and becoming acquainted with his work, had taken some steps which, although they were by no means unwarranted, made him more anxious than he had been before. To take advantage of a most favourable state of the market, he had shipped largely to Sydney on credit, calculating that his ob-

ligations would be more than met whenever he should receive from Burdon his share of farming profits from lands out there, and remittances in payment of former consignments. The money, if it should arrive in regular course, would be in his hands before it was wanted; but to obviate all risk, he wrote, urging Burdon to be punctual; and we may suppose, from the earnestness which we have seen Probity display, that he also wrote to her, although there is no evidence of this fact.

Well, the time when his payments would be due began to draw near. Neither money nor advice of it had arrived, but he felt that it could not be far distant. A packet was due even now. It was tiresome that on this important occasion she should happen to be late, but such *contretemps* were always happening. She would make her number in a day or two, and then all would be well. But a day or two and more time than that passed away, and still she did not appear. (It was the very packet which left Sydney the day after Zeke Burdon's conversation with his daughter in the office, and which never after that day was again seen.) Robert's anxiety of course increased as the hours rolled away; it became of an intensity such as he had not experienced before. He had not, however, learned to despond. He felt certain that it was only a question of time; but then the day of payment was drawing disagreeably near. When it was only three or four days off, he had to effect some arrangement to gain time; and this was not very easy to manage, as the amount was large in proportion to his business; but he did, by the aid of some friends, get an extension of three weeks, which would be ample, he did not doubt. This accommodation, however, greatly increased his anxiety, as, if the payment were now to fail, his friends might suffer as well as himself. Nevertheless he would not suppose but that everything would be right. In a day or two he read a notification that the expected packet was in sight, and his heart rejoiced at the thought that his difficulty must be passed. The day after, the notice was contradicted; it was another packet which, on a foggy day, had been mistaken for the missing one. And still the time wore on, and still he got no advice. In his extremity he wrote to Behrens, who was at Frankfort, telling him of his case, and asking if he could assist him. The friends who were

sureties for him had entire faith in him, and bade him be of good cheer, for they would pull him through somehow or other; but assurances of this kind did not relieve a mind like Robert Lathom's. His perplexity became most distressing. He determined that there should be no more suretyship or borrowing. If his money did not arrive by the 10th of October (that was the day) he would be declared a bankrupt, give up everything in the present, sacrifice position and prospects, and trust that, at the least, he might, in a very short time, reimburse those who had so kindly come to his relief. He had not formed this resolution without a bitter struggle.

On the 8th October he received the following reply from Mr. Behrens:—

"Do not be sorrowful. I let myself be interested in you. The letters shall come to you in good time.

"BEHRENS."

But this enigmatical epistle did not bring much comfort.

It was the 9th of October. Lathom had declined the invitation of his sureties to dine together—which they had kindly given in the hope of diverting him from his chagrin—and had gone home early, taking with him some books and other documents, in order that he might prepare letters and statements, which it was now only too certain that he would require to use on the morrow.

Lathom was surprised to find what a calm was lent him by despair. He worked away the whole of that evening vigorously, and, compared with the state of mind from which he suffered while yet in doubt, cheerfully. He did not complete his labour till eleven o'clock, and when it was done he felt fatigued and drowsy, not watchful and excited as had been his wont for some nights past. When he withdrew to his bedchamber, he locked away his books and papers, all except one large foolscap sheet containing a list or abstract, which, as he intended to put it in his note-case before going forth in the morning, he took with him, and placed on a table near the foot of his bed. He lay down with his mind cleared of figures and of much of the doubt and fear which had been oppressing it for days; and his thought turned sadly but fondly to poor Probity Burdon, and he wondered how the reverse of fortune which he had to encounter would affect the plans which they had cherished. Happen what might, he could rely on the

faith of his betrothed. It was with this comfortable thought that he fell asleep.

In the night he was awaked by the noise of unusually heavy rain descending on the roof. It has been said that the house was one-storied, and it may be added that the rooms were rather low; so that the slates on which this downpour was coming were not much above the bed's head. Robert turned himself about, and began to think whether he had observed on the previous evening any sign of bad weather; but in truth he had been so occupied with his affairs that he had never looked at the sky. Then he felt vexed that, as he had been lucky enough to go to sleep, he should have been thus early disturbed, for it was still pitch-dark. And after that he resolved to shut his eyes and ears, and to court sleep again. As he thus resolved, he saw a gleam of soft light in the direction of the door of his room. He looked attentively to see what this might be, and saw a female figure, much draped, and with the head veiled or shrouded. It carried in one hand a lamp, and with the other hand shaded the light so as to throw the rays back upon itself, rather than to allow them to disperse themselves in the room. As he stared at it, simply in wonder so far, it moved without noise across the chamber, not far from the bed's foot. It was near, as he judged, the opposite wall, when the thought suddenly struck him—"One of old Behrens's ghosts, by jingo!" and thereupon he sprang out of bed and rushed towards the figure, which, however, disappeared he knew not how, and he found himself groping about in the dark among the furniture, and was fain to feel his way back to bed. As he turned to do so his foot came in contact with, and pushed along the floor, a piece of paper, which he concluded to be the abstract which he had put on the table, and which he must have brushed off it when he rushed from the bed. Then he remembered this paper was proof that he had not been in a dream. He got back to bed again, and was surprised at the calm way in which he was able to think over what he had seen. From what he knew of himself, an appearance such as this should have overcome him with horror; but here he lay, coolly thinking the matter over, and not caring if he should see the lady and her lamp reappear. She did not, however, trouble him again; and, strange to say, he was in a short time asleep once more, and when he awoke it was broad daylight.

As he rubbed his eyes and recalled the visitation of the night, it occurred to him that he had thrown down the folded paper containing the abstract, and he looked out to see where it was lying, that he might judge where he stood when the figure eluded him. But the paper had not fallen at all. There it lay on the table just where he had placed it; and now he felt perplexed, for although he had no doubt about what he had seen, he felt that to others it would appear simply a dream, when the paper which he had felt on the floor was admitted to have never been moved from the table. But then he would swear that his foot had come upon a paper, and he now arose to examine the room. Near the wall, and about where he thought he must have stood in the night, there lay a paper, sure enough. Nothing of the kind, so far as he could remember, was lying there when he went to bed. He picked it up, and did not find its presence explained when he saw that it was a sealed packet, and that it was addressed to himself. Turning it over in astonishment, after the manner of people so surprised, he recognized the well-known seal of Ezekiel Burdon, and in the superscription the handwriting of a clerk in the office. *By favour of*

Esq., was written beside the address. There was no postmark. After vainly puzzling himself for a few seconds as to how it had come there, Lathom broke the seal and opened the packet. In it he found bills of exchange quite sufficient to meet his necessities, also letters of advice, and a letter from Zeke Burdon to himself. One can understand how the surprise caused by the first discovery of the letter gave way to delight at its contents, and how the young man, dazed by a crowd of emotions, forgot all about his toilet, and sat rejoicing and wondering for long by his bedside. As he dressed he endeavoured to put the whole occurrence into shape. The contents of the letter were certainly genuine, and certainly what he had been expecting. The bearer must have arrived by some indirect passage. He had called somewhere on his way home, and so had come in a ship not reported as from Sydney. But how the letter got into his room—well, it was a puzzle!

In answer to his questions, the servants assured him that neither the postman nor any one else had brought a packet that morning; and indeed the postman, bearing some letters of very

secondary import, made his visit afterwards. Looking a little more leisurely over Mr. Burdon's letter while he sat at breakfast, Robert noticed that the first copies of the bills were to have been sent by the packet so long overdue, and that Mr. Waddington, who had been a passenger—or at any rate had intended to be a passenger—in the Kangaroo, was to take the second. He had never seen that ship's arrival announced, and he knew that she traded to London. Either, therefore, Mr. Waddington must at the last have proceeded by some other route, or else he had somehow been transhipped on the voyage. After all this had been put together, there remained the inexplicable problem,—How did the letter get into his chamber? Mr. Waddington not having himself written seemed also a rather strange thing, but of course it was possible that he might have despatched the packet while too busy to write himself; an early post might bring the expected advice from him.

It will readily be believed that Robert Lathom did not on that day give himself up to wonder and conjecture. He had work to do—work far more agreeable than that which he had believed to be awaiting him. His bills, received by private hand, were accepted at once; his difficulty was at an end. The congratulations of his friends were hearty and profuse. It was quite romantic, they said, to be thus relieved at the last minute; and so it was—they didn't half know *how* romantic.

Never doubting that the whole of this mystery would be cleared up—for he was a matter-of-fact, strong-minded fellow, as has been said—Lathom, when his first duties were performed, set himself to examine shipping lists, but no notice of the Kangaroo could he see. He must wait now for Waddington's letter. He and his friends did dine together that day at the Mersey tavern, and a very pleasant evening they passed. But, now that his commercial trouble was off his mind, the young merchant was more anxious to penetrate the mystery of the letter, and his first thought when he got home was to closely search the chamber again. He examined and tried the windows and door, and looked well at the low roof; then he moved the wardrobe and bed, and turned round one or two pictures, to assure himself that no secret entrance existed. Finally, he displaced, and then replaced, a cumbrous

old clock which stood near to where he had found the letter. Looking up to some gilding which surmounted this piece of furniture, he saw, or fancied he saw, the very faintest outline of a face, and the mild regard of blue eyes, which called up the dear recollection of his Probity. It faded into nothing as he gazed, but then in a moment came back the recollection of his mysterious visitant, whom the change in his fortune had quite made him forget. He questioned his servants again, and more closely than before. No one had brought letters to the house on the preceding day after the morning's post; and no one had been there at all in the afternoon except a person from a German clockmaker's in the town, who came to fit a key to the old clock in Lathom's room. "I couldn't help remarking of him," said the servant, "he was such a queer-looking old man, with a white beard, and *such* a hooked nose." Robert could make nothing of it at all.

It may have been three weeks after all this that Lathom read in a newspaper the arrival of the Kangaroo, and the same evening received a letter from Mr. Waddington, dated London, Nov. 1, which ran as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—As I take for granted that you received advices by the last packet from Sydney, it will, I hope, have become a matter of secondary importance whether some duplicate despatches of which I was the bearer come immediately to hand or not. I deeply regret to have to tell you that the packet intrusted to my charge has been unaccountably mislaid, and is not immediately forthcoming; and I request that you will be good enough to write at once saying whether you have received advices which ought to have reached you per mail-packet.—I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,

F. WADDINGTON.

The mystery seemed only to grow deeper. Lathom did not in reply to this enter into particulars, but said that he proposed to be in London as early as possible, and would wait on Mr. Waddington. In the mean time the latter gentleman need be under no anxiety as to the packet of letters, as no inconvenience was caused by the want of it.

The next post, however, brought another letter from Mr. Waddington, who had been made miserable by the discovery that the mail-packet had not arrived. He wrote to say that the circumstances

under which the despatch had been mislaid were strange and peculiar, and that he could not enter upon them until he could sit down leisurely and collectedly to write. In the mean time he entreated Lathom to consider him and his brother as in every way answerable for any difficulty that might have occurred about money. The letter then went on to give messages, and to speak of Probity (who had written by the mail-packet), and to give some Sydney news.

Lathom and Waddington had not been very intimately acquainted before, but this letter showed so much kind feeling, that Lathom, when he got to London, met the other as an old friend. He assured him that he was quite at his ease concerning money, but did not mention the circumstances under which he had been supplied. They agreed to dine together that evening, when Waddington would have the opportunity of mentioning some matters which he longed to confide to Lathom.

"We had a terrible voyage," said Waddington, when they were quietly seated together; "driven this way and that, and sometimes in great danger. We have been at Rio, and glad enough we were to get there; but our troubles did not end with reaching that port, for when we set sail again from thence, the Atlantic seemed in a more violent mood than the other oceans had been. We were knocked about for several weeks, being often in imminent danger, and had wellnigh lost our reckoning through the thick weather, until one morning, after having had a violent thunderstorm in the night, we were delighted by a calm day and a clear sky, with land looming in the distance. We made this land out to be Cape Finisterre, and the sight of it is inseparably connected with the loss of the letter which I was bringing to you. I noted the matter carefully: it was on the 10th October that we made the land, and on the 9th I am certain that the letter was in my possession."

Lathom started at the mention of the date, but did not interrupt.

"You must know," went on Waddington, "that, before the thunderstorm, we had been much in doubt as to the ability of the ship to reach England, and there had been some talk of taking to the boats. To be prepared for such a contingency I went to my cabin, and separated from my baggage a few gold pieces which I secured in the waistband of my trousers, and some articles of value and import-

ance, which I made up into a small package as well secured as might be from wet, and provided with straps to attach it to my person whenever it might be proposed to leave the ship. I can be on my oath that the letter for you was in this package; but though the package remained in my possession, apparently just in the condition in which I had put it, believe me that, when the fair weather and the sight of land induced me to open it again, your letter had disappeared, and I have never seen it since!"

"Nay," put in Lathom, as calmly as he could, though he felt his heart galloping under his waistcoat, "you were, of course, a good deal agitated when you were making up your parcel, and the letter may easily have dropped out, and been, by the motion of the vessel, jerked into some of the innumerable crevices and corners of the ship."

"I have a particular recollection," answered Waddington, "of having put your letter with my valuables, and I know exactly where I put it. Nevertheless, as soon as I found it wanting I made search among my baggage, and all over the cabin, without success. It was the only thing missing. Besides, there is another circumstance, which I have not liked to mention, and which I mention now with some fear that you may think me a romancer, and distrust all that I have been telling you."

"Not at all; I shall not in the least distrust you," answered Robert, whose curiosity was now painfully aroused.

"Well, then, I must tell you that on the night of the storm—which night, you will remember, succeeded the day on which I made up my parcel—I had gone to my cabin much wearied, both in body and mind. I did not dare to undress, but threw myself into my sleeping-berth, where I lay tossed about by the motion of the vessel, and watching the flashes of light, whose brilliancy and frequency exceeded anything in my experience. Between the flashes it was so dark as to create a feeling of great horror. I could keep no account of time, but fancy it may have been midnight or thereabout when the storm began to roll away. As the lightnings moderated, I felt my eyes—which had been watching them—sore and weary, and I closed the lids from exhaustion, but not from drowsiness, which was very far from overcoming me—I was too much disturbed, both bodily and mentally. But I lay, as I was saying, with my eyes shut, noting the increased and

increasing distance of the thunder, and wondering what report the captain would make of our prospects in the morning. Chancing to open my eyes as I rolled from side to side, I was sensible of a soft light in the cabin, very different from the vivid lightning, but yet a very decided change from the extreme darkness. And, surveying the cabin by this light, I was conscious of a figure, of not very distinct outline, bending over the parcel of valuables which I had packed up. My idea was that somebody who had seen me at work in the afternoon, and guessed what I was about, had now come in the dead of night to appropriate my little bundle. In this thought I scrambled out of my berth and made for the intruder; but the light now disappeared. However, I soon got a lantern from the watch on deck, and examined my cabin; but nothing was amiss there. It proved to be between two and three o'clock, so I lay down again, and know of nothing remarkable till the morning, when we heard that the land was in sight. East winds kept us from entering the Channel for a fortnight, but we got in at last, thank God!"

"Should you know the envelope again, do you think?" asked Lathom, somewhat tremulously.

"That should I," replied Waddington; "the appearance of it is stamped on my brain. I don't know anything that ever gave me so much anxiety."

Then Robert took from his note-case the cover of the mysteriously found letter. Waddington turned as pale as death.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is the very thing. Where on earth did you get it?"

"I must in my turn ask your indulgent acceptance of what I have to say, for my story is no less marvellous than yours." And thereupon Lathom told how he had found the packet, how it had contained undeniable bills and other documents, and how he had seen a figure in his room on the night between the 9th and 10th of October, just before he felt a paper on the ground.

"Have mercy on us!" exclaimed the other; "I should have told you that the figure which I saw in my cabin on board the Kangaroo also held a lamp, and was habited exactly as you describe. Why, the same person—or being—that robbed me, must have taken the package straight to you."

"And pretty rapidly too. You remember that you were at the time off Cape

Finisterre, and I in Liverpool. There is, however, one other point which perhaps you may be able to explain. My friend Mr. Burdon advised me that you would take a duplicate packet; now the papers which were within this mysterious cover were first copies."

"That is strange," said Waddington; "but no—not unaccountable after all. You know the way in which the clerk gets ready the two or three copies, as it may be, all at one time. It is very likely that in his hurry on the day of the packet sailing he may have handed Müller—a poor fellow, his was a sad fate!—the duplicate; which would have left the original for me. I know he asked me to put my own name on the back of the envelope in the blank space which you still see, as he had omitted to do so before coming to see me off. Had I brought the letter to land, of course I should have filled in the hiatus before sending on the despatch."

"Yes, certainly," answered Lathom, "you must have brought the original by mistake. Indeed I am truly grieved for poor Müller: the brothers were very kind to me when first I went out. They are relatives of Mr. Behrens, an old friend of my family, now at Frankfurt: Karl was going to visit the old man. It is a sad affair."

Waddington mused a long time: he was sorely astonished. At last he said—

"It is surely the strangest thing that ever was; but what could be the object of this—this miracle, for I can call it nothing less? Only to perplex and astonish two unfortunate people, as far as I can see. The letter did but reach the person to whom it was addressed, and the same thing would have happened in due course if the documents had been left quietly in my possession. What possible difference could it have made?"

"Simply that I should have been a bankrupt on the 10th of October!"

"Good God!"

Before Robert returned to Liverpool, the two men agreed that it would be very unpleasant to have this story canvassed, to have their veracity—or perhaps their sanity—doubted by matter-of-fact prigs, or to attain to the kind of notoriety which the heroes of such adventures suffer. So they kept the circumstances very quiet.

Third copies of the triplicate bills arrived soon after the Kangaroo, and dissipated all doubt (if doubt anywhere

existed) as to the genuineness of the second copy. Robert Lathom went on and prospered, and was very little troubled either by day or by night. There are, however, troubles in plenty which are unconnected with what is ordinarily called prosperity, and one of these was awaiting Robert—a trouble which, notwithstanding that he grew rich, as old Behrens said he would, cast a shadow on his life till his dying day. The winter was passed, the spring was passing, and Robert's heart rejoiced, for he had been doing so well in the past six months that the time might not be far distant when he might revisit Sydney to realize his most ardent wish. At this time he received a letter from Ezekiel Burdon which struck him down, and, as he used to say afterwards, then and there made an old man of him before he was six-and-twenty. Probity Burdon was dead. . . . Poor old Zeke wrote with much more feeling than had seemed to be in his nature, and in a strain that completely unmanned poor Robert. He knew that his child had been weak and ailing, but had never thought that she was seriously diseased. At times she would be bright and happy; and she was unusually so on the last day of her life, when she had volunteered the information that she felt quite well and strong. Three hours afterwards she had lain down and died. A letter and parcel found in her desk and addressed to Lathom were duly forwarded, and brought him probably all the comfort which he was now likely to get. It is believed that these are the same letter and parcel which by his most particular injunction were laid upon his breast in the coffin. For many weary nights he spelt over the details of Ezekiel's most sad letter, but it was not till after some time that he perceived the curious approximation of the date of poor Probity's death to that of the mysterious occurrences about the bills of exchange. She had died at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th October, only about ten hours before the letter had been spirited into his bed-chamber! Mr. Waddington was also struck with the almost coincidence, and said that, if the dates had corresponded exactly, he could not have avoided the conviction that the events were somehow intimately connected; but of course, as there was not exact correspondence,* that idea might be dismissed.

* Mr. Lathom and Mr. Waddington—indeed our

It is not known in what year, but Mr. Lathom certainly did revisit Sydney, probably to look at a grave there. He never married, but he grew very rich, as the Jew had predicted that he would. For many years, it is said, he could not bear to hear any event of this story even hinted at; but towards the end of his life—the part with which the writer is personally acquainted—he conversed very freely on the subject with his friends, and he at length gratified them by making a written statement. Mr. Waddington also left written testimony behind him.

It should be mentioned, as connected with this story, and as further proof of the mystery which seems to surround the whole of it, that among Mr. Lathom's papers was found a small slip cut from a German newspaper announcing the death, at Frankfort, of Karl Müller. This was enclosed in a piece of faded writing-paper, whereon was noted, in Lathom's writing, *Can this possibly have been poor Karl, thought to have been drowned? Behrens has not replied to my inquiry. I hear of three men having landed in a boat on the coast of Brittany, about the time when the packet must have foundered. The Müllers have all left Sydney. Poor Karl!*

It was only last autumn that Mr. Lathom died, a millionaire, leaving his large fortune to be curiously subdivided. His lamented decease removed the last barrier against the disclosure of the facts here narrated, which, it is hoped, will prove a valuable contribution to the science of the invisible world.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

I.

MORNING IN SPRING.

LOVE.

How sweet is this grove,
With its delicate odours
Of earth and of air!
How soft are the shadows
That sleep on the sward!
Here, love, let us rest!

How tender the hues,
Like the bloom on the plum,

contributor also—appear to have overlooked the difference of longitude. If that be taken into account, it will be seen that, as nearly as can now be ascertained, Probity Burdon's death and the apparitions to the two gentlemen must have occurred at the same time!—
ED. "Blackwood's Magazine."

Of the far dreaming mountains,
That sleep on the sky !
How faint the dim distance,
Through long silent vistas
Of thick-thronging trees !
Look, love, as the breeze lifts
And whispers among them,
The leaves all alive
In the flickering sunlight
Stir, murmur, and talk.
List, love, how the brooklet
Is talking and telling
Its petulant troubles
Amid the lush grasses,
Around the wet stones.

How tender and dear
Is this beautiful day,
All fresh with the beauty
And grace of the spring !
None ever was like it —
None ever before,
And none ever could be
Till love lent its spell !

A spirit is moving
Around us unseen,
It haunts with its presence
This delicate air,
And draws us forever
With mystical sway,
Till sweet silent longings
Stream forth from the heart,
As the odours that stream
From the buds and the blossoms
At touch of the spring.

Oh, lean on my breast, love !
Look into my eyes !
All nature breathes love !
O time, do not pass !
Stay with us, — stay with us,
O beautiful day !
Stay, exquisite dream !
For it is but a dream
What we feel and we see.
A hand — a rude noise
In a moment might wake us,
And drive it away.
Oh, keep us suspended
'Twixt heaven and earth,
Half soul and half sense,
And break not the dream !
For the sounds and the sights
Like our lives are ideal,
Or only half real
And half disembodied,
And under a spell.

Are all things enchanted
In life and in nature ?
Ah yes — for we love.
In the trees, in the flowers,
In the brook, in the stones,
Is a spirit imprisoned
That calls to the soul,
That prays us to free it
And longs to come forth.
Yet vainly we struggle

To break the enchantment,
And vainly we listen
To catch what it says —
Too distant, too subtle,
Too fine for our sense,
Is the music that calls us,
That haunts and torments us,
Still fleeing before us,
Still taunting us on.

Say, what can we answer ?
Oh, where is the charm
That can break the enchantment,
Unloose the bound spirit,
And give us the key
To the silence — not silence,
The beauty and grace
That keeps hiding and taunting
The innermost soul ?

Oh love ! in our loving
Still something we want,
For I cannot be utterly yours,
Nor you mine —
For we cannot o'erleap, love,
The bound that divides us,
And our souls and our senses
Fall back on themselves —
For we cannot express, love,
What throbs so within us,
And we sink back to silence,
So vain is our speech.

Oh love ! I so love you,
I would we could merge
To one spirit, one body,
With no mine and thine —
To a union so perfect,
So close and so single,
That naught could divide us
Again into two.

II.

EVENING IN SUMMER.

DOUBT.

Oh, love of mine, we sit beneath this tree,
We smile, and all is exquisite to see ;
The moon, the earth, the heavens are all so
fair, —
The very centre of the world are we.

And yet, 'neath all our happiness, there lie
Dim doubts and fears, forever lurking nigh ;
We are so happy now, one moment's space,
Then Love, and Life, and all take wing and
fly.

Where shall we be a hundred years from now ?
Where were we but a hundred years ago ?
Behind, before, there hangs a solemn veil, —
What was, or shall be, neither do we know.

A passing gleam, called Life, is o'er us thrown,
Then swift we flit into the dark unknown ;
As we have come we go, — no voice comes
back
From that deep silence where we wend alone.

Stay! stay! oh, ever-fleeing Time, thy flight!
 Make this one happy moment infinite;
 Now, while we touch the heavens, and stand
 on earth,
 And Love makes mystical all sound and sight.

No! the sad moon, so plaintive and so fair,
 Hath seen how many here as now we are,
 As happy in their perfectness of love, —
 And seen, unmoved, as many in despair.

She will arise, and through the darkling trees
 Gaze down, as now, through countless centuries,
 While other lovers here shall breathe their
 vows,
 When we have vanished like this passing
 breeze.

Oh, dreadful mystery! Thought beats its
 wings,
 And strains against the utmost bound of
 things,
 And drops exhausted back to earth again,
 And moans, distressed by vague imaginings.

Each to himself, in all his hopes and dreams,
 The very centre of creation seems;
 And death and blank annihilation each
 As some impossible vague terror deems.

Yet, of the countless myriads that have gone,
 The countless myriads that are coming on,
 Are all immortal? Ah! the thought recoils
 From that vast crowd of living, and sinks
 down.

But what if all in all be now and here?
 The rest, illusions shaped by hope or fear, —
 And thou and I, with all our life and love,
 End like this insect that is fluttering near?

If Virtue be a cheat, a child to sooth,
 And heaven a lie, invented but in ruth,
 To hide the horror of eternal death, —
 Knowing that madness would be born of
 Truth?

Who knows? who knows? Since God hath
 shut the door
 That opens out into the waste before,
 Vainly we peep and pry, vainly we talk,
 And vain is all our logic and our lore.

What will be, will be, though we laugh or
 weep;
 Love is the happy dream of Life's brief sleep.
 And we shall wake at last, and know — or else
 In death's kind arms find slumber — dream-
 less — deep.

Ah, love! what then is left to us but Trust
 That somewhat in us shall survive our dust;
 That heaven shall be at last — and life and love
 Be purified of all earth's dregs and must?

Then let our life and thought no more be vexed
 By this dark problem — nor our hearts perplexed
 To solve the secret that torments us here; —
 Love is earth's heaven — and we will wait the
 next.

III.

TWILIGHT IN WINTER.

DESPAIR.

ONCE more I stand beneath this spreading
 beech,
 Where talking, dreaming, loving, we have lain
 So many a happy day.
 Now thou art gone beyond thought's utmost
 reach,
 Beyond the joy we knew, the love, the pain,
 Out on the dim dark way.

The problem is resolved for thee, but I,
 Crushed, questioning, despairing, still remain,
 And nothing thou wilt say.
 Is love so weak thou dost not heed my cry?
 Is memory so vanishing, so vain,
 That death wipes all away?

Oh, cruel secret, wilt thou ne'er be told?
 Oh, torturing Nature, that wast once a bliss,
 Vouchsafed in love to us,
 Why hast thou kept those perished joys of old,
 Those hours and days of vanished happiness,
 To sting me with them thus?

Let me forget! oh, blind these eyes that look
 Forever backward to that happy past,
 Behind her grave that lies!
 Oh, hold not up that sad pathetic book
 Of love's sweet records! In that grave be cast
 Those torturing memories.

Let me forget! Ah, how can I forget?
 And what were life without that tender pain,
 So deep, and oh, so sad?
 No; rather let these sorrowing eyes be wet
 With endless useless tears, than e'er again
 With heartless smiles be glad!

The blast among the moaning branches grieves,
 And frozen is the laughter of the brook —
 Death on the cold earth lies.
 All fallen are my joys, like these glad leaves,
 Through whose green haunts of song the summer
 shook
 Odours and melodies.

Let me begone! my thoughts are wild and
 hard,
 By grief distracted, shivered, shattered, torn
 In struggles fierce and vain —
 And like loose strings to tones discordant
 jarred,
 Are all those sweet remembrances forlorn,
 That thrill through heart and brain.

Farewell! upon this life I turn my back,
 Nothing the world can give is good to me,
 A taint on all things lies.
 Joys are all poisons — life an endless rack,
 And this fair earth, that was a heaven with thee,
 Is hideous to my eyes.

W. W. S.

From The Spectator.

CARICATURES OF THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

MR. LEWES, we think it is, who has observed that the emotions, passions, and impulses of youth are very frequently disturbing forces, which cloud instead of really stimulating the individual type of the natural character; and certainly one would think so, in comparing together the character-sketches or caricatures of young and old men of note in any generation. The admirable sketches of the celebrities of the fourth decade of this century, which the late Mr. Maclise drew in *Fraser's Magazine* for Dr. Maginn to comment upon,—in our amateur opinion, Maclise's best work—have just been republished in a volume* by Professor Bates, of Queen's College, Birmingham, where any one may see many of the distinguished men of the present age in their hot youth, with the mixed characterlessness and vehemence of that period of life, and a few of the celebrities of the previous period in their old age. Goethe, who did not die till 1832, was much struck with the earlier of these portraits, though, horrified with the ghastly caricature of Rogers, he shut up the book and put it away in anger, saying, "they would make me look like that." However, they did not make him look "like that," though his portrait, too, appeared in the magazine before his death. Maclise evidently knew the difference between a *fête morte* such as Rogers carried about with him even in middle life, and the keen sagacity of Goethe's penetrating eye even in extreme old age. He gave the shrunken look and the kindly craft of shrewd old age to the octogenarian poet, but he gave alertness and vivacity to him even then. Matthew Arnold calls Goethe "physician of the iron age," and might well have caught his idea from Maclise's admirable outline. There is the look of diagnosis, of somewhat amused diagnosis,—a physician will sometimes smile at the mistakes which the patient makes in interpreting the importance of his own symptoms,—on the old poet's considerate face, and that complete appearance of externality to the malady he studies which physicians so often get, and poets or dramatists so seldom. Goethe is not caricatured, unless it be caricature to give a little additional

emphasis and sharpness to the shrewd physician's eye; but the very framework, the *bone* of his character, so to say, is detached for us from its mere flesh and blood; Maclise gives us the outline, and not the accidents which soften and round it off. And nothing strikes us more in looking over these extremely clever sketches, both literary and artistic, than the far greater terseness and expressiveness of the pencil as compared with the pen in relation to the old age of distinguished men, and the comparative failure of the pencil in relation to youth. Compare, for instance, Dr. Maginn, the literary artist, with Maclise, the pictorial artist, when they are both sketching an old man of note, and when they are both sketching a young one. Take the sketch of Lord John Russell. Maclise draws a rather handsome, sentimental young man, with very deeply-marked eyebrows, sitting on a sofa and poring over a Blue-book. Dr. Maginn, who hated a Whig much worse than he ever hated any other form of what he thought evil, is very disagreeable, but he touches off just what Maclise was unable to bring out. He quotes, concerning Lord John, Spurzheim's saying, "Self-love draws the head and the whole body upwards and backwards, and *keeps them stiff*,"—which just delineated the Whig pride. Again, Dr. Maginn quotes concerning him the couplet,—

When once he begins he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note the whole day like a
finch,

—which caught exactly the literary stereotype in which Lord Russell's mind was originally cast; and then he finishes by the thrust at his dry penchant for poetry,—no doubt the Don Carlos tragedy was in his mind,—“We shall only add our conviction that madrigals and idylls are most germane to his genius.” Pride, pertinacity, and frigidity, with a taste for attempting departments of literature foreign to his nature,—that was the literary caricaturist's account of him even before he attained his highest rank as a statesman; and no one can deny that, however absurdly unjust to the man as a whole, it laid the finger on Lord John's most conspicuous failings, which Maclise either did not find or could not find in his countenance as it then was, though they have been conspicuous in all the caricatures of him drawn in later life. It is the same, at least as regards the artist, with the sketch of Mr. Disraeli.

* *A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters* (1830-1833), *Drawn by the late Daniel Maclise, R.A., and accompanied by Notices, chiefly by William Maginn, LL.D.* Edited by William Bates, B.A. London: Chatto and Windus.

The foppish Hyperion whom Maclise drew under that name, the befrilled, be-ringed, berosetted young fashionable who is standing in an attitude of such affected ease, shows us no trace of the frigid "detachment" of mind, the keen ambition, and the dauntless tenacity of purpose which were hidden behind that weak chin, and cherished underneath the retreating forehead so carefully smothered under curling locks. Nor indeed in this case does Dr. Maginn himself succeed much better, for he is so intent on his joke of writing a little parody on "the wondrous tale of Alroy" as a sketch of Mr. Disraeli, that he forgets to say anything explicit of the qualities which lay beneath what he justly calls "the fusion" grandiloquence of Alroy. In the case neither of the critic nor of the artist was there much insight shown into Mr. Disraeli's true character, except so far as its obvious vanity and bombast, and equally obvious vivacity went. But what we want to point out is, that so far as the superficial signs of character are concerned, the points which most lend themselves to caricature in the young, are not of the true stuff of the character, but relate usually to some sort of foible, if not quite insignificant, yet relatively of small importance, engrafted on it, while in the old you get the very structure of the character brought out in the most naked and incisive way. Look at the clever sketch given here of Carlyle, in which you see hardly anything characteristic but the bright eye and arched eyebrow which seem to indicate a love of marvel; you certainly see nothing of that strong contempt for average life and eager craving after traces of force and grandeur, which have made Carlyle's countenance in later life the very type of a cynical mystic's, of the face of one yearning after hidden fires, and other earth-shaking powers, of which he could but seldom detect in the actual world even the trace. Maclise has not thrown any touch of ridicule into his sketch of Carlyle, unless he has made it just a little conceited and moony, though very like the later countenance of course in feature. Had he drawn him in later life, what a powerful picture he must have given! For, take any of his sketches of the old,—of Coleridge, "the heaven-eyed creature," in a state of very unstable equilibrium indeed, tottering, in spite of the help of a stick, on legs never meant to give adequate support to such a head as that;—or Talleyrand, asleep in his arm-chair

with his feet so disposed as to hide their physical defect, and for countenance a perfect mask of gross sceptical *flesh*, sunk in the kind of sleep which is rather a lethargy of the senses than true rest;—or of Sydney Smith, in the very triumph of his huge, rich, unctuous, earthly humour, at the very moment perhaps when he asks his doctor,—who has just told him to take a walk on an empty stomach,—"On whose?" and when he is inhaling in those large nostrils the fragrance of his own joke, just as the gods were supposed to inhale the steam of the oxen sacrificed to them. Or, again, look at the quaint, Blake-like portrait of Charles Lamb sitting at a reading-desk, straining his old sight to read with a couple of candles between his eyes and his book,—evidently something in Latin, French, or Italian, for which he has to consult a dictionary,—and taking in his subject with just that touch of melancholy humour and pathos in his face, with which a lonely man catches the point of a happy thought he would like to share with another; or, again, consider that still quainter picture of Godwin, befrilled and closely buttoned-up, glowering through his spectacles from beneath a portentously large-brimmed hat, with a look of keen, highly benevolent dissection at the world around him, which he is evidently eager to take to pieces and put together again according to his own mind. It is impossible to look at these sketches, and to compare them with the sketches of the younger men and women, Sir Edward Bulwer, Miss Landon, Miss Martineau, &c., without observing how very much less the young lend themselves to true characterization, and therefore also caricature, than the old. In Miss Martineau's case, this is very remarkable. It is obvious that the attempt to caricature her was made more deliberately and perhaps more maliciously than in any other case. Dr. Maginn's attack upon her for her economical propaganda is brutal, and Maclise's sketch is intended to suggest a young witch with a cat on her back, boiling some concoction of herbs in a little cauldron for her own teapot which is set beside her; but the failure, the want of unique expression, is in such a case very remarkable. Indeed, the vanity of the younger people is almost the only foible it seems easy to render. In the older you have the character laid bare almost to its roots, and when, therefore, the intention to caricature exists, of course the caricature goes much deeper. Moore, with the smile on

his lips and the care on his brow, the look of an anxious diner-out who loves to intersperse epigrams, if he can find them, with soft nothings where they will be welcome, — Rogers, with the ghastly death's-head look that seems to have corresponded to a certain bitter sense of highly painstaking failure, rendered more acute by extreme fastidiousness, but by no means to have reflected that reputation for humour which, according to Dr. Maginn's extravagant story of it, had even taught the negro in our colonies to father every good joke on Rogers, and to say of him, "Him dam funny, dat Sam!" — Scott, with that towering and retreating cone of a head, those bushy eyebrows, and that dreamy activity of face which seems to speak of an imagination hanging back from modern themes to dwell wistfully on the wilder legends of his country, — are all pictures which haunt one's memory as reflections of real men, while most of the characters still disguised by youth or beauty might be anything or nothing. And we close the book with the strongest feeling that real character does not reveal itself at all fully in the face, till the mature, or more than mature, period of life is reached. By the way, why are we tantalized with a promise of a picture of Maclise himself, which, — in our copy at all events, — is not fulfilled? We should have liked to see the clever discerner of all these various characters interpreting himself also to the world, — an artist who surely sacrificed half his gifts of humour and insight in selecting the frigid and somewhat stony style of art to which he devoted himself. We suspect that by this posthumous republication he may gain a truer kind of popularity as the mirror of the keener intellect of his age, than he ever achieved in life. To the understanding of the life of a single decade at least of this century, Dr. Maginn's and Mr. Maclise's sketches, with Professor Bates's carefully gathered expositions, contribute a most important aid.

From The Spectator.

INSECT CIVILIZATION.

THE newer natural science is to some extent bewildering in more ways than one. We have heard so much lately of the question concerning the origin of man, that far more curious matters have been thrown into the shade, matters which

might affect, not perhaps our view of revelation, but our general view of the universe, still more seriously. The latest inquiries into the habits of the lower animals have elicited the evidence of a degree of complexity in the social institutions of some classes of animals which suggests that certain characteristics which we suppose to be purely human, might belong to tribes of animals for which we have never been accustomed to entertain much respect. Not long ago, in an article on the intellectual powers of birds, we referred to the curious evidence, which Mr. Darwin has quoted at length in his work on the origin of man, as to the gay social meetings, the elaborately decorated rendezvous, and the graceful dances, of the Bower birds; and now we have Sir John Lubbock in the learned little book* which he has just published on the origin and metamorphoses of insects, suggesting that possibly some kinds of ants may have a religious feeling towards a certain species of beetle, and that if that be not the case, they may at least be credited with having a much larger number of domesticated animals than human beings. We will quote the whole passage in which this notion is thrown out: —

Ants are very fond of the honey-dew which is formed by the Aphides, and have been seen to tap the Aphides with their antennæ, as if to induce them to emit some of the sweet secretion. There is a species of *Aphis* which lives on the roots of grass, and some ants collect these into their nests, keeping them, in fact, just as we do cows. One species of red ant does no work for itself, but makes slaves of a black kind, which then do everything for their masters. Ants also keep a variety of beetles and other insects in their nests. That they have some reason for this seems clear, because they readily attack any unwelcome intruder; but what that reason is, we do not yet know. If these insects are to be regarded as the domestic animals of the ants, then we must admit that the ants possess more domestic animals than we do. But it has not been shown that the beetles produce any secretion of use to the ants; and yet there are some remarkable species, rarely, if ever, found, excepting in ants' nests, which are blind and apparently helpless, and which the ants tend with much care. M. Lespès, who regards these blind beetles as true domestic animals, has recorded some interesting observations on the relations between one of them (*Claviger Duvalii*) and the ants (*Lasius niger*) with which it lives. This species of *Claviger* is never met with except in ants' nests, though, on the other hand, there are many communities of

* *On the Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects.* By Sir John Lubbock, Bart. London: Macmillan and Co.

Lasius which possess none of these beetles; and M. Lespès found that when he placed Clavigers in a nest of ants which had none of their own, the beetles were immediately killed and eaten, the ants themselves being, on the other hand, kindly received by other communities of the same species. He concludes from these observations that some communities of ants are more advanced in civilization than others: the suggestion is no doubt ingenious, and the fact curiously resembles the experience of navigators who have endeavoured to introduce domestic animals among barbarous tribes; but M. Lespès has not yet, so far as I am aware, published the details of his observations, without which it is impossible to form a decided opinion. I have sometimes wondered whether the ants have any feeling of reverence for these beetles; but the whole subject is as yet very obscure, and would well repay careful study.

Perhaps we may assume that Sir John Lubbock is having a quiet joke at the expense of the clergy, when he suggests that perhaps a special reverence may be felt by the ants for a blind species of beetle, otherwise useless to it and helpless, which it nevertheless "tends with great care,"—in other words, we suppose, that the ants may look upon the blind beetles as domestic chaplains, or even perhaps as idols which have power to bring good or bad fortune on the families which tend them. But M. Lespès, whom he quotes, is evidently serious in thinking that certain tribes of the black ant are as much more civilized than other tribes of the same insect as certain races of men are than savages; and Sir John Lubbock, too, is evidently serious when he remarks that the conduct of the barbarous ants in killing and eating the beetles which the more civilized so carefully tend, curiously resembles the conduct of savages in killing and eating the cows or sheep which navigators introduce among them for the sake of the milk and wool, but in which savages can see nothing but an immediate supply of food. If one of the more polite ants themselves be introduced into the nests of the less civilized, its species is at once respected, and it is received with such hospitality as rude races generally showed to wandering Europeans till taught by experience to fear their unscrupulous ways; but if one of the beetles which the better educated ants have, say, domesticated, be thus introduced, instead of being treated with anything of the same respect, it is at once treated just as savages treat our imported cows, or sheep, or even horses,—as material for the butcher's shop,—without

any appreciation of the more refined uses to which it may be put. Even this less subtle suggestion as to the varying degrees of civilization attained by various tribes of ants, opens up a rather startling field of speculation. If there be insects possessing a larger number of domestic animals than man has pressed into his service, and yet if this be not a mere matter of instinct, but of acquired art, to which even other tribes of the very same species of ant have not yet attained, then there may be progress, there may be discovery, there may be inventive genius, and investigation among the ants,—just as there may be artistic genius, something in the nature of the creative power which makes a salon delightful, amongst the birds whose elaborate entertainments Mr. Gould has described for us. But if so, then there must be also ants of master minds, there must be what some deep-hearted mystic among the ants, some Carlylian ant of the race *Lasius niger*, might call heroes, and declare to be worthy of hero-worship. The ant which first discovered that aphides might be kept and milked, if such an ant there were, must have been a patriarch worthy of historic fame. Even the red ant which first introduced slavery, though we might call him worse than a Jefferson Davis among ants, would have been a great hero to the Carlylian ant aforesaid, and would very likely have been hymned by him as having deserved the gratitude of the enslaved ant, black Quashee, himself, as well as of the whole tribe of red ants who were exempted from toil and enabled to devote their learned leisure to more liberal pursuits, by the discovery. Nay, there might even be a Touissaint L'Ouverture among the black ants, to liberate them from the service of the red, and in his turn to be seized and imprisoned by the white ants. Nay, seriously, if there be real progress among ants of any race, if there be tribes of *Lasius niger* which have domesticated more kinds of insects than man has domesticated of other animals, and which have consciously improved on their ancestors in this respect, it would be impossible to deny that there must have been discoverers and reformers amongst them, and that it was not instinct, but intellect which made them so. Nor is this suggestion limited to any one region of the animal world. A French savant the other day declared that the swallows of Rouen had improved on the architecture of the ordinary swallow by making what may be called balconies for their young ones to

sit upon and breathe the air more freely before they are able to fly, and though it is possible that such cases may be explained by the mere automatic action of Mr. Darwin's principle that a useful variation, though in some sense accidental at first, will always tend to perpetuate itself, that is not a principle which it is quite easy to apply to so elaborate an institution as the domestication of a blind beetle, or an aphid in the capacity of milch cow, or to the artistic social amusements of the Bower birds, as quoted by Mr. Darwin from Mr. Gould. It seems to be now really contemplated as at least possible by our naturalists that among several of the least powerful species of animals, insects certainly included, there has been at one time at all events, real progress, progress in the nature of a utilized discovery either beneficial or delightful to the whole race.

Now if this were to be ever established in relation to any one of the more insignificant animals, what a new feeling of moral embarrassment it would add to life to think that at any moment, by a careless tread, or an accident of the plough, we might be putting a term to the life of a great reformer in one of the regions of life too minute for any intelligent communication between our world and its,—that the prospects of a great race of ants, for instance, had been suddenly blighted by the untimely slaughter not merely of a "village Hampden" or an "inglorious Milton" amongst ants, but, far worse, of an active and notable personage who was leading the way in new investigation, or the new organization of discoveries already made? In that case it might even be possible that the blind and helpless beetles are tended, neither from any feeling of superstition, nor for the sake of any service that they render to the ants who tend them, but only as a recognition of the duty of compassion towards a perfectly helpless tribe,—that in fact, this tending of the beetles is of the nature of a home or orphanage for beetles, and that the ant who began the custom was a sort of Lord Shaftesbury among ants, instead of, as Sir John Lubbock hints, a kind of Ignatius Loyola, instituting a grim cultus of superstition. If that were the case, imagine the sense of dismay with which we should reflect that by any step of which we were supremely unconscious we might have put a tragic end to a great and philanthropic career,—a career marked by the first recognition amongst insects of the principle that there should

be some moral limit put upon the cruel "conflict for existence"! The ant which,—without language, we suppose,—had anticipated Shakespeare's thought that,—

The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies,

—and had done more than Shakespeare, had made the thought the foundation of a domestic institution, for the humane (or rather formican) treatment of beetles, might yet be slain without the dimmest knowledge of it on our part, by some carelessly flung stone. And surely this would be a still more painful supposition than the Arabian superstition that, in flinging nutshells about, you might chance to wound an invisible *génie* in the eye. There would be something almost intolerable in the thought that the most unquestionable moral and intellectual advances were being made in a world not indeed absolutely invisible to us, but still so inaccessible to us in general, that we could not by any possibility take account of what was going on in it in our ordinary procedure,—that we might be murdering a whole army of industrial captains whenever we pulled up a tree, and blighting the intellectual or social prospects of a progressive race whenever we rode over an ant-hill. Yet much that we hear now-a-days compels the conjecture that there may be a degree of conscious life and knowledge, not quite impossible even of moral sympathy, in some of the most insignificant, as regards size, of all our fellow-creatures. Yet there is, unquestionably, something very paralyzing to the imagination in the notion of all this possible world of wisdom in a mite or a water-drop, a world as much beyond our recognition as if it were infinitely *above* our apprehension. It is as if a clumsy Titan might ruin all the civilization of our earth by a tap of his fist, or even break up the earth itself by a stumble. Did such an accident to our world seem really probable, we should soon learn to make light of studies of which our hold was so precarious; and it is, therefore, nearly impossible for us to attribute sincerely to any minute world, liable thus to be ruined by our blunderings, the kind of conscious progress and growing civilization which are sometimes half-humourously ascribed to its inhabitants by the observers of insect life. Struggle as we may, we cannot divide the idea of *conscious* progress, even in mere social organization, from a moral significance

which would render it impossible to believe that any superior race could overthrow it by mere clumsiness. In other words, we cannot separate conscious wisdom, even in the administration of an empire of ants, from its source in the conscious wisdom which guides that greater universe, of which we are ourselves minute parts, and cannot therefore believe that anything so great as true intellectual or moral progress can be liable to constant destruction at the hands of creatures at once capable of sympathy with it, and yet quite ignorant of what they are destroying. It would be as easy to think that the solitary wasp, which, according to Sir John Lubbock, has "the instinct" of stinging the prey destined to be the food of its young, directly they are hatched, in the centre of the nervous system, so as to render them helpless, and yet *not* to kill them,—(for if they were to die, they would be decomposed before the young wasp needed them for food),—acts on scientific surgical principles, as to attribute the conscious life of discovery and of economic administration to creatures so much the sport of accidents as the ants. We know that human advance is liable to no really arbitrary catastrophes of this kind, and we can hardly doubt that any similar progress even in a world beneath our own, would be equally safe from it. Even an atheist could hardly be found who would consent to believe that art, intellect, and nobility greater than ours are constantly succumbing to our idlest whims,—so deeply ingrained is the faith in a moral providence, even in those who reject the faith in God. And we hold that the deep incredulity with which even the most serious naturalists obviously treat their own very plausible conjectures as to the grander possibilities of the "infinitely little" worlds into the affairs of which they inquire so acutely, is but the profound testimony of their hearts and consciences to the providence which guarantees a certain real durability to all the higher stages of intellectual and moral life. As far as we can see, but for this ineradicable faith, nothing would be more plausible than to credit the ant with a sort of Roman faculty for insect organization and Empire; and if the effort to do so is a mere sign of humour, which it is impossible to regard as serious, we take it that the explanation is, not that the facts commented on forbid the inference, but that our knowledge of the subordinate and dependent place which

these creatures hold in our world is inconsistent with any durability in the moral and intellectual issues to which they would on that hypothesis have attained, and that we are compelled to believe in such durability by a faith deeper than any power of observation. It is an invincible belief in Providence which makes even naturalists regard rather as a paradox of fancy, than as a scientific inference, the intellectual and moral qualities which certain phenomena would otherwise legitimately suggest as belonging to several insect tribes.

From The Spectator.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

RUMOURS of wars fill the air, and one of the most threatening of them is that which concerns the relations of the United States and Spain. It is fortunate for the Spaniards that Señor Castelar's Government is regarded at Washington with a certain exceptional tenderness, for if it were otherwise, it would be very difficult indeed for it to avert the declaration of war, and the immediate annexation of Cuba to the United States. As it is, the consequences will very probably not be so serious. There has always been a strong party in the United States extremely opposed to the extension of its Negro territory, especially in cases where the new territorial additions are likely to afford opportunities for an unconstitutional and tyrannical deportation of Negroes from the Southern States to a Negro world of their own. This party, which is as strong as it is sober, will find its hands greatly strengthened by the cordial sympathy which is sure to be felt with Señor Castelar's hard-beset Government, and we should, therefore, be surprised to hear that the conduct of the United States, under the grave circumstances which are now reported, had been anything but forbearing and generous. Yet forbearance and generosity certainly do not and cannot involve acquiescence in the monstrous cruelty of the Spanish Government in Cuba, which has for the time apparently shaken itself free from all the trammels of the mother-country through a convenient fracture of the telegraph wire. This left it at liberty to butcher the captives it has made in the American blockade-runner *Virginus* without absolutely disobeying the orders received from home. The *Virginus* was, as far as we know, an

American blockade-runner, which was carrying supplies of contraband articles to the insurgents in Cuba. It was captured by the Spaniards after a long chase just before it had reached the neutral waters on the coast of Jamaica,—six miles from the land. The Spanish authorities have, it is certain, tried, condemned, and executed a very considerable number of those on board, including one unquestionably American subject, General Ryan, apparently also the captain, Captain Fry, and possibly other Americans, for piracy—as was said at first—or whatever offence they choose to call it. It seems clear that at the last advices there had been already as many as fifty executions out of 165 prisoners, and that a great many of the remainder were being dealt with “with all possible despatch,” a phrase which probably implies plenty of butchery. Of course, this is not a kind of proceeding which the American Government can afford to tolerate. If it could have been satisfactorily proved that the Americans were already committed to the cause of the Cuban rebellion, and were sailing only in order to make war on Spain, then imprisonment would certainly have been justified, though, not being captured in arms, they would hardly have been shot under *any* military code. But in any case, it is clear that the United States had a full right to insist on the delay necessary for a full and fair trial of their subjects, and for the clearest proofs that they were implicated in the hostile operations against a friendly nation. This has not only not been accorded, but there has been the most indecent haste to evade a civil trial, General Ryan having apparently been one of the first victims of the Court-Martial. Of course the United States have despatched additional ships-of-war to Cuba to look after their interests there, since Señor Castelar, with all his good-will, is quite unable to restrain his unruly subordinates, and the whole Spanish Press of Cuba gloat over the premature butchery. Now as it is not a criminal offence at all simply to be a passenger or one of the crew of a mere blockade-runner, nothing can be more monstrous than this hurry to execute men whose offence should have been proved in the most careful way. It is, indeed, next to impossible that all the persons butchered can have been guilty of any offence. Of course Cuban rebels taken on board were legally at the mercy of their Spanish captors, but all others

ought to have been tried by the ordinary civil tribunal, and proved to have been engaged in an attempt to make war on Spain before they could legally have been punished at all. Presumably, the American or other neutrals on board the *Virginus* were quite as little liable to a penalty, beyond the confiscation of any part of the cargo of the ship which might have belonged to them, as the persons in the English ship *Deerhound*, who were lately captured and released by the Spanish Government, after a successful effort to land a cargo of arms for the Carlist troops. The United States would do very ill to bear longer the unscrupulous barbarity of the Spanish authorities in Cuba. Nobody can blame President Grant if he should declare that as Spain, with all the good-will in the world, *cannot* protect American interests in Cuba, he must instruct his own commanders to do what Spain cannot do, even though that should prove to involve taking temporary possession of the island, and defeating the Spanish forces now in possession of it. This would be easy to do, with, of course, the enthusiastic help of the Cuban rebels; and it might be that he could make terms for Cuba, and give it back again to Spain if, as we hope, American opinion were moderate and wise enough to wish to give it back, under guarantees which would practically secure the formal abolition of slavery, the withdrawal of the invading Spanish army from the island, and the recognition by Spain of the leaders of the insurgent party as entitled for the future to govern in her name and with her authority. Such a result would we think, be the best which can be expected from the present imbroglio.

In the meantime, we should only expect that this incident could lead to a general war between Spain and America, in case that Spanish pride, which Americans and Englishmen so little understand, should impose on Señor Castelar's Government a necessity for doing, in defence of the national honour, the most foolish thing he possibly could do. If Spain goes to war with America for her intervention in Cuba,—an intervention which we now assume to be inevitable,—then, of course, Cuba will be annexed, and there most likely it will end. Spain has no spare force for the gigantic task of a great naval war with such a power, and the only use of declaring war would be to give the Carlists a new and quite immeasurable advantage, through the blow it would cause to Span-

ish commerce, on which the purse of the Madrid Government depends. If Spaniards can put their pride into their pocket, as President Lincoln and Mr. Seward put their pride into their pocket under very similar circumstances when the Trent affair took place in 1861, the true policy for Spain is to continue to declare in the strongest way its regret for what has occurred, and its determination to give the United States any indemnity that is practicable,—and further to sanction, negatively at least, and if possible to control by concerted action, the American intervention now menaced. It is perfectly true and obvious to all the world that Spain has not the power to restore order in Cuba, and that the United States, if they choose, have. It is also true that American interests are seriously suffer-

ing, and that no great power can permit them to suffer thus without interference. Under such circumstances, it seems to us that Señor Castelar could hardly play a better game than to avail himself of this incident for the restoration of order in Cuba by a powerful and friendly Government, which is very likely to play into the hands of Spain supposing the United States are treated with frankness and deference. That is, we confess, what, as it seems to us, the Republican Government in Spain ought to attempt. Whether the unreasoning and morbid Spanish pride will admit of a policy which is so capable of a humiliating interpretation, we confess that we cannot but doubt. But we are quite sure that if it will not, far greater humiliations are in store for it, and that they are by no means far off.

THE QUOTATION OF AMERICAN SECURITIES.—We are glad to see that the Committee of the Stock Exchange proposes, from the beginning of next year, to adopt a change in the official par of exchange which has been fixed for dealing in securities expressed in American currency. The present official par is 4s 6d per dollar, which is widely different from the real par, and the consequence is that to allow for this difference the current quotations in dollars are much below what they would be if the exchange at which they were to be converted into sterling approximated more closely to the real exchange between the dollar and the pound. It is proposed, accordingly, to substitute 4s for 4s 6d, and by this change the difference will be hardly appreciable, so that the current quotations in future will represent somewhat closely the actual proportion of the price of the stocks and shares quoted to the price of issue or nominal par. As it is, American securities are at a constant apparent discount, even when they are at or above par, and the quotation is necessarily puzzling. Mr. Richardson, the Secretary of the American Treasury, whose appeal on this subject we noticed lately, will be pleased to see that his object will be so quickly accomplished,—that the improved quotation of American securities on the London Stock Exchange will commence simultaneously with the amended quotation of the New York Exchange on London, directly representing the relation of the dollar to the £ sterling. The persistence of the old official forms of quotation, which are now to be altered, is one of the most curious proofs of the conservatism of trade customs.

Economist.

DISCOVERY IN SWITZERLAND.—Antiquaries have been of the opinion that the weapons and implements of bronze found in Switzerland have been manufactured, not in that country, but beyond the Alps, and that they had been obtained thence by the Helvetians in the way of trade. Latterly, however, a few more have been discovered in France and Germany; and very recently Dr. Gros, of Neuville, has made a discovery in the course of researches at the lake station of Meyringen, a site remarkable for the quantity and excellent condition of bronzes which have been found. Here the doctor has unearthed sundry highly interesting things, among which are crucible-beds, channels for the overflowing metal and other matters, giving evidence that a foundry had existed on the spot; besides a large number of moulds for the castings.

In the autumn of 1843 Mr. Bright was announced to attend a public meeting in Alnwick, and these were the words in which the editor of the Newcastle Journal referred to the event: "It is stated (says the Tory editor) that Bright, the anti-Corn-law agitator, is expected to visit the wool fair which will be held at Alnwick shortly, in order to scatter the seeds of disaffection in that quarter. Should he make his appearance, which is not improbable (for the fellow has impudence for anything of this sort), it is to be hoped there may be found some stalwart yeoman ready to treat the disaffected vagabond as he deserves." This "disaffected vagabond" is now a cabinet minister, and the principles he advocated at the Alnwick wool fair in 1843 have long since become a law.